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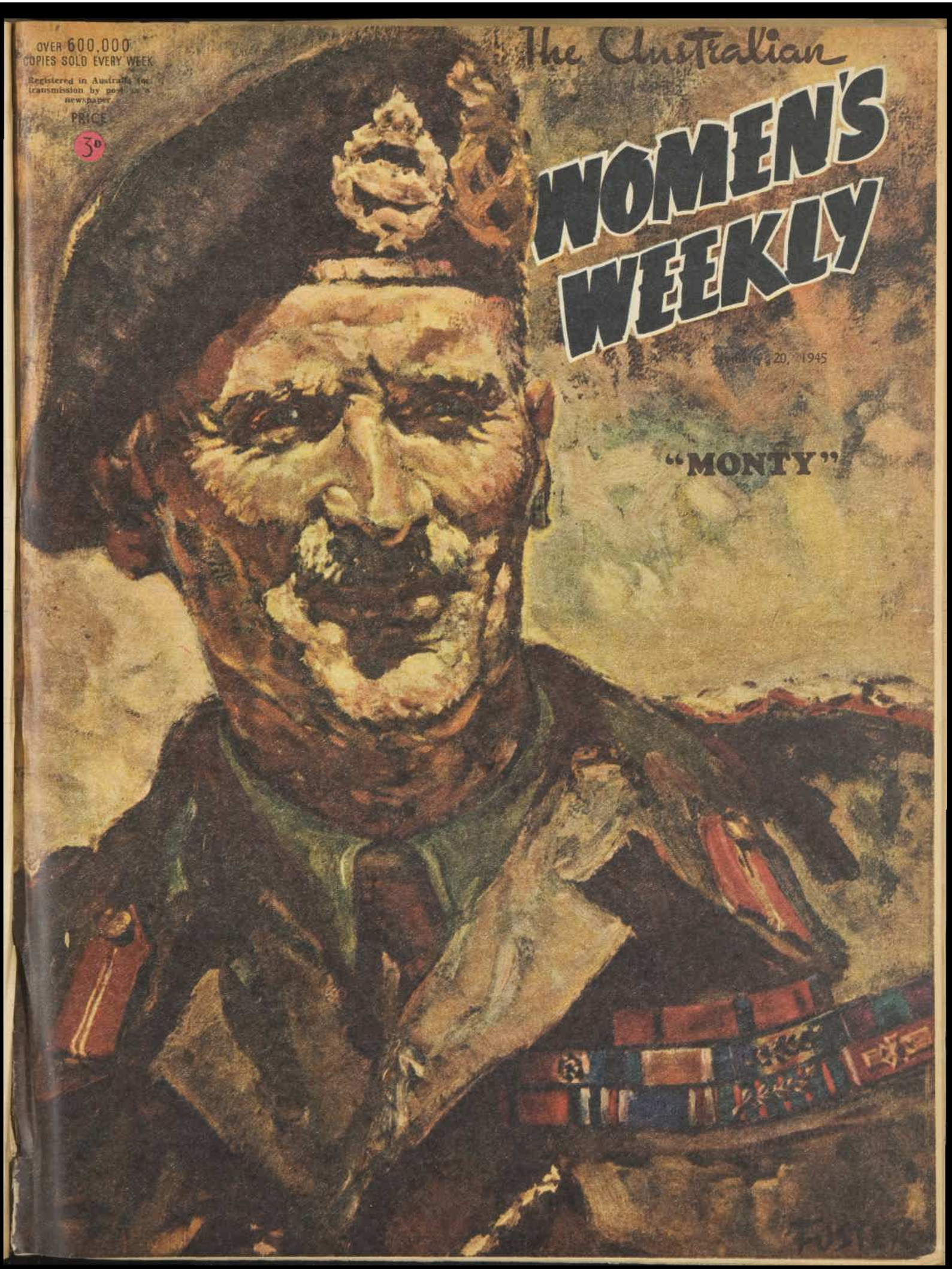
June 6, 20, 1945



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FORWARD, PLEASE!

By VICKI ANDERSON

● Shopping days of the "Gay Nineties," when bustled and bonneted Madame could monopolise the attention of a shopgirl for an entire day if Madame so desired, are recalled by two old-timers of two large city department stores.

SEVENTY-TWO, Mr. A. Barncastle signs a docket. He has worked in the same shop for 58 years.

MR. E. R. RICHES, 51 years in the drapery business, shows some up-to-date sports clothes to customer.

THEY are 63-year-old Mr. E. R. Riches, who began work at 12 years of age in a Victorian drapery store, and is now supervisor of the frocks, costumes, and millinery department of a Pitt Street, Sydney, store; and Mr. A. Barncastle, 72, who is ground floor supervisor in a Castlereagh Street, Sydney, store, where he has worked for 58 years.

Both are affectionately called "Pop" by their staff of salesgirls.

Mr. Richards dresses for business in a morning suit. When I arrived he was calmly sorting order out of the chaos of scrambling shoppers and scurrying salesgirls.

"It was so peaceful once," he murmured nostalgically.

"Shopping half a century ago was a gracious and dignified social affair with elegant saleswomen sweeping majestically across the floor in their long-trained black frocks, bringing Madame cups of tea, and discussing the vexatiousness of a day in town."

With something of Mr. Riches' calm, but dressed in a lounge suit, Mr. Barncastle was coping with a similar situation in the Castlereagh Street store.

As he came up for air, he signed a docket for a 16-year-old boy shop assistant and smiled:

"The shopping pace is pretty fast now, but I envy that lad. I'd like to be starting all over again in his place."

EARLY BATHING SUITS were somewhat different, but lady shoppers took just as much care over choosing them as now.

Later, after successfully effecting a peace treaty between Madame and a shopgirl, he remarked:

"You know, if women shoppers and salesgirls are inclined to draw each other's blood these days, they've both got pretty good cases."

Mr. Barncastle, who has served four generations of shoppers, has seen Australian history reflected in his store.

"When I first worked here, most of our goods came by steamship from overseas, but a few came by windjammer. I can remember seeing the bowsprits reaching right across the footpath of Circular Quay.

"As cash boy at 14, I got 5/- a week. I was lucky, though. In those days, and for many years afterwards, shop assistants in many stores, mainly men, got no wages for the first year, and 5/- for the second year.

"When women began to enter the field in large numbers they were apprenticed with no salary for the first year, then 2/6 a week for the second year.

"Reaching a salary of 7/6 a week in their fourth year they felt they had really achieved something.

"In June, 1887, we had some busy shopping days preceding the Jubilee Ball held in the old Exhibition Building in Chalmers Street to celebrate Queen Victoria's jubilee.

"For weeks beforehand excited and proud mammas and their daughters rolled up to the store in carriage or hansom cab and spent the day selecting materials for ball frocks.

"Most popular materials were crepe-de-chine, tarletan broche, brocade, and organdie muslin. More than 14 yards were bought for most of these frocks.

"Our best line of organdie muslin, printed with rosebuds, cost only 1/3 per yard.

"In answer to eager inquiries about the latest Parisian fashions, we assured the excited young ladies that mantles were definitely out, that opera cloaks were being worn a little shorter, and that sleeves and skirts were beginning to diminish in size."

Although his contemporary, Mr. Riches, speaks wistfully of the grace and beauty of early 20th century frocking, Mr. Barncastle thinks women's fashions to-day are far more beautiful.

"I've watched the women fight and win their battle for to-day's healthier and more sensible form of dress.

"I hope they're never foolish enough to go back to those wasp waists, trailing skirts, and ridiculously exaggerated shoulders."

Silk stockings, unknown in the nineties, gradually made their appearance towards the early part of this century, said Mr. Barncastle.

With the shortening of skirts they began to take the place of lisle.

"At first, only the foot and ankle were silk, and then, as the skirts became shorter, the silk stockings chased them.

"The bathing costume, however, is women's outstanding victory.

"When I look at the abbreviated lines which have just arrived in the store and recall that once I was assuring Madame that a hideous neck to ankle to wrist affair was really the latest thing, I know I must be getting old."

Sweet but sticky . . . he needs a bath with PEARS SOAP

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C.S.R.

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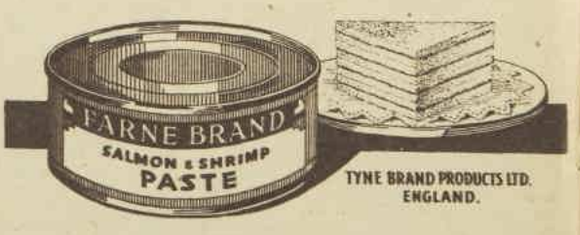

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"Sister wants to see you," Tip told Iris firmly.

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Ministering Angel, Me

Another delightful escapade of pretty, harum-scarum Tip

BY LYN ARNOLD

FOR one whole night after my mother got herself engaged to Dr. Elsom, I dreamed of a double wedding—Dr. Elsom and mother, and Johnny Elsom and me.

But in the cold light of morning it seemed to me that that would be mean to mother. I mean, daughters are all very well, but when mothers get married people start to add up, and the answer's not always kind. Besides, Johnny hadn't asked me—not in so many words—and we were rather young. So I ruled out the double wedding idea.

I got up and made some early morning tea. Mother was sleeping, looking soft and appealing and not at all thirty-eight.

"Mother!" I said. "Here's your tea!"

She woke up and saw me. "Tip—come and sit down," she said. "I want to talk to you." And then I knew: she was going to break it to me. To me, who had fixed the whole thing up. Honestly!

"I'm not going to lose a mother, but gain a father." I poured out tea for her.

"Are you going to mind very much?" mother said tenderly.

"I'll get used to it," I said. Then I went on: "I hope you're going to be very happy, and, Mother, I've thought of a super wedding dress that'll suit you down to the ground, and go simply marvellously with the bridesmaid's dress that I've just thought out for me . . ."

"Dear Tip!" said mother, and kissed me. "Well, thank heaven. No one could possibly call you a problem child. But, Tip, you must help me. I want things to be quite fair for Johnny and you. I mean, getting a ready-made family's not all beer and skittles."

And then I saw. The problem, I mean, for mother. Starting married life with a couple of grown-up kids.

So I said, "Don't worry, mother. Leave things to me."

A day or two later I said to Johnny: "Look, you and I have got to make ourselves scarce. I mean, it's a bit hard for them to go and get married, and then have us hanging round all day and all night. So what would you say if I were to be a nurse?

"I've done my first-aid and home-nursing, and what I thought was, there's Fawley Cottage Hospital right here, and your father has got a pull, in case I need it, and mother's on some committee there, anyway. But Johnny, do you really think I'd be good?"

"You'd probably rattle the patients out double quick," Johnny said. "Out of bed and home again, I mean, and glad of it."

"There's no need to be smart," I said with dignity.

The more I thought of the scheme, the better it seemed to me. Because of mother, and for another reason I hadn't mentioned to Johnny, and wouldn't at that. I'd be able to keep a firm eye fixed on Iris. Iris Greenly, I mean, who is nursing at the Fawley Cottage Hospital. For the last six months she's had her eyes on Johnny, and I know very well is just out for a chance to pounce.

So the very next day, I spoke to Dr. Elsom and things started happening.

They said they were willing to take me on at Fawley. (Johnny said, "Holy smoke, were they short staffed?") Then mother and I together bought pink material in Fawley and worked out a hair-do to look right under my cap.

Next Monday morning my clock went off at six-thirty, and I staggered out of bed, dressed, and bicycled over to the hospital. I met Iris Greenly at the door.

She said, "Hullo, Tip."

I said hullo, and she said she was so interested to hear that my mother was marrying Dr. Elsom, but, of course, she realised it must be difficult. Difficult for mother and Dr. Elsom. But most of all for me.

I asked, how difficult?

Iris Greenly said, well, really—difficult. She said of course Johnny and I were bound to feel it if our parents got married. Which, after all, would mean us living in the same house—like brother and sister. Well, practically, said Iris, and she smiled. Of course she knew we'd been as thick as thieves lately, but wasn't it true what they said, Tip, about familiarity?

So, of course, she was sorry for me, but, naturally . . .

Well, I counted up to three with difficulty, watching Iris glide off with a truly wonderful don't-worry-I'm-coming-to-smooth-your-pillow walk. I stood by the hat-pegs and glared till a pro. came and said was I Tip Rowntree and, if I was, to come with her at once.

So I didn't do anything for the moment. But you, Iris Greenly, I said to myself, just wait.

Well, I got through that day and the next and the one after, and I didn't really think nursing was so bad, except that there certainly was a great deal of hard work to be done almost all the time.

Then, three weeks after I started, the pilot-officer happened. He didn't come down by parachute in the garden, or crash his plane trying to save somebody's life. He was bicycling over to the "Green Man" in Fawley, and an Army lorry dashed out and smashed his bike. It also left him with a fractured fibula.

Well, I found him. To be accurate, I saw it happen. I ran forward and saw him all splayed out in the road, like a Viking, with the sort of moustaches Vikings have in the pictures at school. So I said to everybody at once, "Don't touch him," and I said to the pilot officer, "Don't move."

And he said to me: "What do you think I am—quicksilver?" And then he swore before he fainted away.

I ran to the hospital to fetch help quickly, but somebody must have got there before me, because matron came out, and sister and Dr. Smithson, with Iris Greenly bringing up the rear.

And I thought to myself: Not Iris. No. That would be too much. But too much or not, that is exactly what happened. They took him into a private room on Ward B, where Iris had been seconded that morning.

Well, you can imagine the hospital was in a buzz, and Iris Greenly was perfectly insufferable going on as if she had dragged him back to life. I mean, we couldn't ask matron or sister for bulletins, so the first day or so it meant Iris Greenly or nothing.

He's in terrible pain, said Iris Greenly, breathing hard, and so brave, said Iris, looking soulful.

Such a handsome boy, she said, so touchingly grateful for everything that one does. We made rude remarks, but Iris was too elated to hear.

Well, a day went past, and we had to take it from Iris. But after that I thought to myself, no. So next day I started by taking Iris a message.

"Sister wants to see you," I said, just as she was about to take the Viking's temperature in Ward C. "I'd better wait here until you get back—hadn't I?"

Iris wanted to say no, but didn't dare.

"How are you?" I asked the Viking. He twitched his moustaches angrily. "Not well enough to be asked that question again. I've answered it at least half a dozen times this morning."

"All right," I said. "Don't worry. I don't want to know. Iris gives out hourly bulletins about you, anyway."

He said, "Look here, is the woman mental, or something?"

I didn't answer that. I said, "Why, what's she done?"—looking loyal, but sympathetic.

He shifted about angrily. "What's she done? She's smoothed my pillow and told me not to worry. Which is what she says whenever I start to say——"

I moved closer. I said, "Why—is there anything worrying you?"

He twitched his moustaches. "I should just say there is! Look, I can't very well tell matron, and what's-her-name—Iris—thinks I'm delirious when I try to tell her. It's a girl. I'm supposed to be meeting her at six-thirty——"

"To-night?"

"To-night."

"Well, give me her number and name, and I'll phone up and say you won't meet her at six-thirty. It's not," I said smiling, "as difficult as that."

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Back Home

By SARAH LITSEY

THE soldier got off the train, a tall, clean-looking boy with light hair. He had his bag, zipped up tight like a bolster, under his arm. It was about ten-thirty, and hot.

A colored boy slept, flat-out, on an express cart. There was no one else in sight, no one to talk to. The captain had said, "Don't talk about it and it'll be all right. Go on home for a few days and kiss your girl. That'll fix you. You'll see. You'll come back and fly 'em. Got a girl, haven't you?" he added smilingly.

The soldier looked at the colored boy and thought, Did I really scream then? Was it me, Dick Nelson, yelling straight at the captain, "Yes, I've got a girl . . . and I can't fly 'em, I tell you. I can't. I can't!"

He tightened his arm on the bag and walked over to the kerb. The street had been freshly tarred and he breathed in the smell mixed with the sunny dustiness of the town. He smiled. This was Danford, all right. This was home.

For a moment his mind felt healed by just that, by the wonderful sense of belonging to the place where you stood. And then he thought of Joan, and just thinking about her opened all the subtle, bloodless wounds of shame and failure.

But he'd done all right in training; he'd learned. It was that last night with her letter in his pocket. He went up on the final test flight. He outflew failure. He thought he'd left all that business back on the ground. But her letter lay close against him in his pocket, and the words burned through the cloth to his flesh: "Lee Channing's a captain now and he's home on furlough. I think maybe I'll marry him."

A curtain dropped on his mind and he stared out at the stars . . . The pilot had knocked him free of the controls and got them down again without a crack-up . . .

As he walked uptown from the station things looked smaller. After the hangars, maybe anything would, but he kept having the feeling that the smallness was in him. Then he rounded the corner into Main Street, and there on the bench in front of the Poultry House sat Clem Yarrow and three or four of the others right where he'd left them eight months back.

Yarrow looked up. "Well, look who's here! How's the soldier?"

"Hello, Clem!" He stopped and shook hands with them.

"Been flying, ain't you?"

He nodded. Don't talk about it. He dug his elbow into the little bag.

"How's the sky out yonder in Kansas?"

"Fine," he said, and sweat sprang out in the palms of his hands, betraying him.

Somebody asked, "Your mother know you're coming?"

And he smiled and said, "Yes, she knows."

He started to go, but Clem Yarrow reached out and plucked his tunic. "How about this war, son? When you gonna win it?"

For a moment, looking at Clem, he was steady and the big thing, bigger than he was, was in his heart; like the day he enlisted, and some of the times he flew. He'd known these men all his life. He wanted to face them and say out, honestly: "I funked it. I got up there and started thinking about Joan . . ." But he couldn't say her name in front of them. They were different worlds, and would not be drawn together.

"I don't know that, Clem." He dropped his eyes and walked quickly off down the street.

The alley that led off Main Street to the tobacco warehouse was empty, but, passing it, Dick's heart began to pound. They had dances there in summer.

Last summer Joan Willett and her friends came down from The Hill to the dances. They called it slumming.

"It's awfully amusing!" they said in their husky voices. They didn't mention the war, nor that nearly all the boys on The Hill had gone—even some of the men, divorced men like Lee Channing. Girls grew up all of a sudden and wanted boys, and girls like Joan, rich girls, got what they wanted.

She was just sixteen that day last June when she drove into Jim Scott's filling station in a brand-new, big grey car. Jim Scott sat in the shade and whistled for Dick. He came out in his blue overalls and unhooked the hose. The top was down, and the crown of her head shone bright and smooth above the back of the seat.

"How many?" he asked.

She looked over her shoulder, smiling. "Hi, Dick Nelson."

"Hello," he said, embarrassed, keeping his voice low.

"Like my birthday present?"

"It's swell," he said. "I didn't even know you could get new cars."

"My father can get anything he wants. Got a cigarette?"

HE held out a packet, and her fingers on his hand were light and cool. She drew in the smoke and let it out, and said, "Are you going to the dance to-night?"

"The town dance? Sure, I reckon."

She glanced up at him, and the touch of her eyes was like the touch of her fingers. "So am I. Want to take me?"

He never could remember what he said. It may have been nothing. He may only have looked it, but she said, "Okay. Ten-thirty at Church Corner."

He had come now to Church Corner. Hardin Avenue led up The Hill with its green lawns and white drives. The other way went Polk Street, its small, neat houses nudged in close to the sidewalk. The church stood on an angle, with equal welcome for the rich and the poor.

Dick lit a cigarette for the sake of stopping. He looked up The Hill with that ponderous beating of his heart, that two-way pull of hope and shame. Joan was there. Any moment she might zoom into sight, driving like mad. She was so little and she loved the power. Would she come now?

But The Hill rose quiet and decorous in the sunlight. He took off his cap and wiped the damp from his forehead. She did not come. He turned down Polk Street toward home. He recalled a night last September . . .

"You're one of the Feathers boys, aren't you?" Dick asked gently.

They drove out to the top of Mountain Trail, where there was a roadside place called "Randy's." From where they parked, two ridges slipped away, with a deep little wooded valley in between. They got out.

Dick walked over to the rail fence and looked down. It was time to tell her! Mist hung between the ridges mixed with wood smoke. This was his country, its quiet, untouched heart, and he loved it, and he loved Joan. He turned and held out his hand. "Come here a minute."

"Why?"

"I have something to tell you. I'd like to do it here."

"Oh, Lillie Belle . . ." went Randy's juke box.

Joan hummed lightly, "Oh, Lillie Belle," and walked off across the road.

He caught up with her on the steps.

"Look," he said; "I want to tell you something. I've been called up."

She said nothing, so he went on talking: "I don't know why I feel this way about it. To be fighting a war for you, well, it's a swell feeling, sort of . . ." Under her eyes the words trailed off. He asked dully, "Aren't you glad?"

"Glad? Why?"

"I hoped . . ." But he couldn't say what he hoped. It had died already.

She put up her hands and drew his face to hers. "I want you here. You'll never make a soldier." . . .

He had walked nearly two blocks on Polk Street, and suddenly he stopped, gazing at the wire gate and the two hydrangea bushes, the potted plants on the railing of the porch—all of it bright, tidy, in painful readiness. For a moment it wiped out all that had been wrong since he had known Joan. He went up the walk at a run. Then he saw the service flag in the window. It was pinned so neatly to the starched lace curtain.

Me, he thought; that's me! He groped up the steps, then beyond the screen door saw his mother coming.

"Well, you did get here. You got here. Son. Why, son!"

He reached for her, held her. Here was the healing of failure. "Don't talk about it," the captain had said. "Come back and try again."

They sat down in the front room, and it was bright and spotless. On the upright piano a bunch of zinnias sprang stiffly from a vase. They were firm and bright, like his mother. All this was like her, all of it home.

Please turn to page 24

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Old Sinners Never Die

By A. E. MARTIN

Helen stood for a moment, cheerily waving good-bye to Mrs. Marven.

TIMOTHY SPEEK, vindictive blind man, is shot dead, apparently by his own hand. The case has several puzzling features.

Speek suspected his beautiful wife, HELEN, of carrying on a surreptitious love affair with LARRY WARD, popular delivery boy, in love with EILEEN MAHONEY. Actually Helen's secret admirer is GARNET PRICE, wealthy young farmer. HARRY FORD, postmaster, who tells the story, spying on Helen and Price, saw Helen substitute a different chocolate for one her husband was about to eat. POLLY GARNER, spinster, tells Ford that she saw Speek die of poisoning, muttering "Ford—poison."

Ford bullies Polly into silence, wanting his name kept out of the whole affair, as he feels uneasy over his own recent doings. In love with Eileen himself, he tampered with a letter she had written Larry, and made it read that she was rejecting Larry's offer of marriage in favor of his own. Larry disappeared after reading it.

SAM COTTER, local storekeeper, is coroner at the inquest on Speek. Others present include DR. HANSEN, and MRS. MARVEN, hotel proprietress. Helen hesitates when Cotter asks whether her husband was jealous of any particular man. Now read on—

"WELL, Mrs. Speek?" Cotter's voice assumed a severer tone.

From the body of the court there was a sudden scuffling, and Garnet Price was on his feet shouting: "Oh, for heaven's sake, Cotter, hasn't she been through enough? Everyone knows that Speek and Larry Ward had a fight, if that's what you want to drag in."

There was a mild uproar at the interruption, and Cotter banged his mallet on the table for order. He glared down at Price.

"Mr. Price," he said, "I must conduct this inquiry as I think fit. Please sit down."

The old man turned again to the witness: "Was your husband jealous of Larry Ward?" he asked her sternly, and as she did not answer he explained more sternly: "It is necessary for this court to try and find out why the deceased died—what made him take his own life as you say he did."

Helen nodded.

"I understand, Mr. Cotter," she replied, "but my husband had grown into a strange man. He had no cause to be jealous of Larry Ward. If you had spoken to me in the street and he had known it, he would have been jealous of you also."

There was a peal of laughter and Cotter went very red, and banged his mallet wildly.

"I quite understand what you mean, Mrs. Speek," he said loftily. "Tell the court, what was the reason for your husband's quarrel with Larry Ward."

"There was no reason for a quarrel. I hadn't spoken more than fifty words in my life to the boy. He came to my house with the grocery order and felt ill. I made him sit down and gave him a drink of water. My husband came in suddenly, and, without reason, called me a hard name and Larry struck him."

Cotter did not speak and she went on in a low, monotonous voice. "My husband was always suspicious, always prying in to what I was saying, where I was going, who I was seeing. My life wasn't my own. He made himself more sour every day. He fancied he was the only one in the world with troubles."

She ceased abruptly as if she were suddenly afraid of what she was saying. I thought how damaging to herself such a statement might have been in a city court with avaricious lawyers eager to twist it to suit their case. Here, in this little town, where everyone knew Speek and his ways, and the manner of man he was, it had the opposite effect. It rang true.

Cotter turned over some papers.

"Would you say your husband took his life because of his blindness—because he had grown so sorry for himself that he could not bear it any longer?"

I believe the *old* man was putting words into her mouth, but she did not answer.

"Can you think of any other reason?"

She shook her head.

"Thank you, Mrs. Speek. That will be all for the moment." Cotter forgot his authority and actually stood as the constable helped her down the steps into the body of the hall.

"Call Mrs. Marven," he ordered, and there was a stir of excitement. They expected comic relief, but they were disappointed. Mrs. Marven proved the very soul of propriety in the witness chair, answering Cotter's inquiries with the utmost decorum. She didn't even smile when he asked her her full name, and where she lived.

She described how Helen had called upon her in great distress at about eleven o'clock, and how she had gone with her to Speek's home and found the deceased lying in his big chair holding a pistol in his hand. The constable whispered something, and Cotter delicately removed a cloth on the table, and picked up the revolver that had lain beneath it.

A pleasurable shudder ran through the courtroom. Cotter held out the gun to Mrs. Marven.

"Is this the pistol?" he asked.

For the first time in my life I saw the landlady confused.

"You may take it in your hands, Mrs. Marven," Cotter said.

She shook her head and turned away.

"Please, Mr. Cotter," she said, faintly, "I—I'm afraid of guns. I don't know why, but they terrify me. I'd rather not."

"Come, Mrs. Marven, this can't hurt you. It isn't loaded."

With obvious effort she turned her head and looked at the revolver, but did not attempt to take it. "It looks like the one," she said. "But I wouldn't really know. I didn't look at it closely."

Cotter released her from the box after she had spoken of taking Dr Hansen to Speek's house. He treated her with marked courtesy, and I couldn't help thinking that despite his onerous duties his mind was on the next hotel grocery order.

Constable Burke again whispered in his ear, and he recalled Helen Speek.

"Do you recognise this weapon?" he asked showing her the gun.

She looked at it calmly enough. "It belonged to my husband," she told him.

"You are sure?"

"Of course. He showed it to me—many times. He used to sit cleaning it by the hour."

"Why did he show it to you?"

From the body of the court Price shouted again, rising to his feet.

"Why, why, why?" he cried in exasperated tones. "Why shouldn't he? He'd shown it to me and to almost everybody else in the town. Why in heaven's name do you have to keep on asking things you know? The man shot himself—the only decent thing he'd done in years. Why prolong this utter nonsense to satisfy a lot of miserable scandalmongers?"

Cotter rose, pale and trembling, banging his mallet, and by the time Price had had his say Constable Burke had tumbled heavily down the steps and was at his side. There had been some angry cries, and someone at the back shouted, "Put him out!" Price ignored the policeman and glowered round the hall.

"How can you sit here pretending you want justice for the dead, but hungering in your hearts for dirt to defame the living?" he cried. "While he lived there wasn't one of you had a good word for Speek, blind as he was. We all knew him for a miserable, self-pitying, contemptible, crawling apology for a man, and the world's the better for his going.

"Don't you touch me, Burke," he continued, turning to the constable. "Don't you put your hand on me till Cotter says I'm in contempt of court. Then you try it."

For a moment there was no sound. Old Cotter's mallet was still in his hand, but he made no attempt to use it or exercise his authority. Instead he said, weakly: "I think the court will adjourn till this afternoon at two o'clock."

Garnet Price laughed contemptuously and strode out, and nobody followed till he had disappeared.

. . . . . .

When the court reassembled Cotter had prepared a little speech.

"We are to the best of our ability trying to establish the cause of the death of one of our fellow townsmen, and to be reasonably sure that it was self-inflicted, and, if self-inflicted, we must try and find the motive which prompted such a desperate act, and whether the deceased was of sound or unsound mind when he perpetrated it."

It sounded to me as if he had hastily read up on coronial procedure in the recess, but, whether this were so or not, he evinced an anxiety to get the business over and done with.

Dr. Hansen, just back from an out-of-town accident case, gave evidence that he had been taken to Speek's home by Mrs. Marven. The deceased had a bullet wound in the head. It had obviously been fired at close quarters. The deceased had apparently placed the muzzle of the gun alongside his mouth, pointing upwards. Death would be instantaneous.

Constable Burke went into the box and deposed that he had returned from flood duty at midnight and found a message pinned to his door. He proceeded at once to Speek's place, where he saw Mrs. Marven and Dr. Hansen. The body was in the position described by the medical witness, the revolver still in the deceased's fingers.

Old Cotter pulled out his watch and consulted it gravely. Then he recalled Mrs. Speek.

"Under the terms of your husband's will you are the sole beneficiary—is that correct?"

"Yes."

"When was the will made?"

"I am not certain of the date. Some years ago."

"Had your husband mentioned the will to you lately?"

"He spoke of it a little while ago."

"Can you remember his actual words?"

"Yes," she said. "I think I can. He said: 'I'm making a little change in my will. But don't be afraid. I'm leaving everything to you. I just want to tighten it up.'"

Cotter asked: "When did you last see your husband alive, Mrs. Speek?"

She told him, as far as she could remember, about 8.30 the night of his death, and I knew that must have been about the time I saw Garnet Price leave the house.

"Where was that?"

She told him.

"Then," he said, "as far as you are aware, you were the last person to see him alive."

"As far as I know, yes."

"It is possible, however, that someone might have seen him after you went to bed?"

"Yes, it is possible. I wouldn't know."

"Was he expecting any visitors?"

My heart stopped a beat.

"Yes," she replied. "He told me Mr. Ford was coming at nine o'clock."

"Mr. Ford, the postmaster?"

"Yes."

"But you did not see Mr. Ford?"

"No."

"Nor hear him, or anyone, talking to your husband?"

"No."

"Thank you, Mrs. Speek, that will be all."

Cotter conferred with Constable Burke while I waited uncomfortably. At length the old man peered over his spectacles.

"Is Mr. Ford here?" he asked, and I stood up.

"You have heard the evidence, Mr. Ford? Would you volunteer to go into the box? Failing that, I am afraid we must adjourn again to subpoena you."

After all my trouble to keep out of the wretched affair it was the dead man himself who was dragging me in. As I walked toward the platform I passed Garnet Price sitting by himself, his head on his chest, as if asleep. It was plain he had no interest in my evidence. Helen Speek did not even look at me.

Why should I, I thought, for the sake of some nebulous question of ethics plunge into this thing? If I admitted what I had seen, what a welter of questioning I would be loosing. I might be engulfed in a criminal trial, that would drag on interminably, interfering with all my plans, preventing me most likely from taking up my new position.

My motives might be questioned. I had been foolish enough to let Helen Speek into the post office in the early morning and give her that confounded package. Craven had seen her come out, too! The more I thought of the possibilities the less I liked them. After all, Speek was dead one way or another, and a good job, too.

I took the Bible from Constable Burke and swore I had not seen the blind man on the night of his death. I could not have been calling on him at nine because I had an appointment with Hennessy for that hour. That, of course, could easily be verified.

A few minutes later I heard the court's decision, "Suicide while temporarily insane," and Cotter thanking the jury. As the verdict was given I intercepted a look between Helen Speek and Garnet Price. It was but transitory, and then Price had jumped up, and was rudely pushing his way out of the hall, but in that hasty glance I had read relief and satisfaction, and I wondered what they would be thinking if I had told all I knew.

With the instincts of a gentleman I had kept clear of this shabby business, but, as I reviewed past events, and remembered Helen in Price's arms down by the creek, her agitated request and acceptance of the package I had given her at the post office, and her strange movements in that room of death when the blind man had mistaken Price for Larry Ward, I realised that I held these two in the hollow of my hand.

All the secrets of the town were not, as the late Mr. Speek had suggested, sealed up in envelopes.

The excitement occasioned by the flood, the funeral, the inquest, and Larry's disappearance subsided, and the town settled down to its normal, humdrum way of life. I was delighted to have an immediate answer from Eileen, whose letter came together with a business communication which I thrust into my pocket for attention later.

Please turn to page 12

Our intriguing serial

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THE CRICKETS WILL SING

By Australian author

A. M. DAWSON

KAKASHI the Scarecrow was an insect-seller in Japan. No one knew whence he came or what his age was, but he was very old. Perhaps the old one had forgotten it himself, for he never spoke, except to a customer.

From the web of wrinkles which time had woven on his face, two brown eyes looked out, missing nothing which went on about him. It seemed as though he had been there with his tiny insect houses and chirping crickets for all time.

The pastime of listening to insect music has been practised in Japan for over a thousand years, and old Kakashi found business still good.

He alone sold trained kajika. For endless hours each day he sat among the tiny froglike creatures, blowing thinly upon a fine bamboo pipe. A croaking kajika usually brought a very high price. It was considered fashionable to be the possessor of an insect intelligent enough to croak in answer to its master's piping.

Crickets, bell and pine insects were in great demand, and fireflies, too. What could be more entrancing than the glow of their tiny lamps in the soft summer evening? Oh yes! Business was very good.

Gradually the change came. Many people still bought singing insects, but in a land where customs remained through toe centuries it was bound to be slow. So slow at first that it was scarcely noticed. The insect-seller muttered to his hopping, clicking livestock as he moved about his flimsy stall, poking their slices of cucumber and breadfruit through the bars to them.

He remembered the festivals many years ago of the Freeing of the Insect. Each August when the seven flowers of autumn were blooming in the famous old garden of Mukojima Ward, many thousands of insect lovers made their way to the gardens to set the little pets free who had made the summer evenings such a delight with their sweet song.

Fairylike lanterns bobbing among the trees resembled giant fireflies, and upon the dreamy lake great lotus blossoms floated like pale faces upon the waters.

The doors of the tiny cages were opened and the insects freed, so that when the spring came again there would be new, strong singers to take their places. The people then waited in the glimmering lantern light for the great song of the freed ones to commence and thrill their hearts with one last burst of music before the winter came.

The festival did not take place any longer. Other things occupied the minds of the people.

Many still remained faithful to the ancient and classic pastime, but the younger folk no longer cared about listening to the tinkling song of the bell insect. People no longer freed their pets in the gardens, so the old man bred them himself to keep his stocks intact.

After the beginning of the "China incident" things took on a swifter and more exciting tempo. The young ones paraded the streets carrying lanterns and singing patriotic songs.

Every victory in China was celebrated by a lantern parade and the Powers whipped the people to a frenzy of excitement. Only a few of the older ones had time to listen to the song of the insect. For youth there was the hum of machinery racing faster and faster, and raucous music of jazz bands, radios, and military displays.

No one bothered Kakashi the Old Scarecrow, as he sat among his unwanted cages.

To his stall one night came Nitto Shojo, so his papers told anyone who may inquire. He spent many evenings with the lonely old man, inspecting his great store of cages, and talking with him of the past, and each time he went away he carried a new cage containing a large, brown cricket.

Business began to improve. The man was well pleased with his purchases, and brought others to the stall to purchase insects for themselves.

In the rush and excitement no one paid any attention to the insect-seller as he ambled along, for sometimes now he shut his stall, and taking a few of the best cages with him on a pole he would go to the shrines, or anywhere his new customers suggested he might find something to interest him.

The Home Minister was a very worried man. There was a persistent leakage of vital information. No matter where the Japanese forces struck in China, they were anticipated. Nothing serious, of course, he assured Cabinet, but serious enough to retard the progress of the great plan to "assist" China.

Something would have to be done. It was very bad for his reputation. Somewhere there was a traitor, perhaps many of them, and they would have to be run to earth and dealt with.

New spy laws were introduced. The metropolitan police were called upon to assist the secret police. Every house would be searched if necessary, from the highest to the lowest. The spy hunt was on. Many people were taken in, searched, questioned, and imprisoned. On the slightest pretext others were shot, but still the leakage continued.

The Pacific war burst upon the world, and there was more feverish excitement than ever before in Tokio. Flags waved, lights blazed, theatres were filled to overflowing. They had swept on to victory so swiftly, nothing could stop them now. The war would be all over in a few short months, and riches would come to them all. But the "China Affair" was still unfinished.

As the possibility of air-raids was borne home to the people, they dug slit trenches, and made bomb shelters, but as the war dragged on into years they began to grow weary.

They worked long, tiring hours in factories, and still the great victory was not theirs. Trolly cars were so crowded with war-workers there was scarcely foot room. The lights no longer blazed so brightly, and the young people didn't get so much excitement out of lantern parades. All the eligible men had gone away to the wars.

There came an evening when a new customer entered Kakashi's stall.

The old man's hands were trembling as he selected an insect to place inside the cage.

He carried a beautiful and elaborate cage. It was empty, but he wanted to buy a kantan—a tiny brown cricket.

The old man's hands were trembling as he selected an insect to place inside the cage. He was not so deft as he had been, and in putting the insect in he broke one of the bars of the frail cage. He apologised profoundly to the customer and hurried to the rear of his stall for glue and a new piece of bamboo to replace the broken bar. Soon it was mended, and the man went on his way.

OLD SCARECROW watched until the figure vanished into the shadows, then passing through the stall to the work bench took up the fine bamboo bar which had been taken from the cage, and with a sharp knife slit it down one side. From it he extracted a fine roll of paper which he carefully unrolled and spread before him, and a tremor passed over his wasted frame.

On the paper was written "Tomorrow night the large crickets will sing."

He stood there staring at the writing for a few moments before he became conscious that he was not alone. He stood as one frozen, his ears strained to catch the slightest movement. Slowly he screwed the tiny paper into his hand and toyed with the glue pot and tools. At last, as though finished his work for the night, he turned, and there in the doorway stood The Evil One.

The old man's heart turned to iced water within him. Well he knew the countenance of this man—was he not the mostly deadly member of the dreaded Black Dragon? Could it be they had caught his "customer" of the broken cage?

With questions seething in his mind he bowed abjectly to the man and inquired gently what he was seeking.

"You," the man replied coldly. "You are the one I have been seeking. The link in the chain. Stumbling over you day after day in my blindness. Old Scarecrow indeed. Very, very clever you thought you were. But I am clever, too, and now you are discovered."

He was standing within the tiny room now, facing the old man, who stood upright and stared back at him with unblinking eyes. He was glad it was to be he who died. He was old, and those others would carry on.

So exultant was Hiroshi Higuchi at solving the riddle which had baffled them all, for a moment caution was forgotten. That moment was enough. A blow from behind caught him cleanly upon the head, and he slumped to the floor without a sigh.

The man with the kantan in the beautiful cage stood looking down at the body.

"He will trouble us no more," he announced dispassionately. "I felt someone following and went to great pains to elude him. I thought success was mine until leaving here tonight, and there he was, standing in the shadows opposite. When he entered, I returned."

"What shall we do with him?" Kakashi asked.

"Conceal him until to-morrow evening. Another dead one will not be noticed then."

. . . . . .

Twenty-four hours later as the old man crouched beneath his shelter he listened with joy in his heart to the sound of the engines singing in the night. Planes beating through the darkness like the throb of China's great stout heart. Bombs were falling at last upon Japan! How they bellowed and raged out there, like great beasts rending and tearing in revenge.

It was a comforting sound to the old Chinese insect-seller. He knew it was only the beginning and that the end was still far distant, but no insect ever sang so sweetly as those great roaring planes as they swooped across from China.

Ah, yes! The crickets were indeed singing to-night!

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Davis Dainty Dishes . . .

FRUIT MOULD — so simple

8 to 8 Servings

Fruit Layer: 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine, ¼ cup hot water, 6 nectarines, peaches, apples or other stewed fruit, whole or halves, ½ pint fruit syrup, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, cochineal.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add to syrup, add lemon juice and make up to ¾ pint with cold water. Add sugar to taste, stirring until dissolved; colour a faint pink. Arrange fruit in the bottom of a plain mould or cake-tin; pour in the mixture. Leave to set.

Second Layer: 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine, ¼ cup hot water, ½ pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, almond or vanilla essence, green colouring and blanched almonds if available.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Add sugar to milk, stir until dissolved, add gelatine a little at a time. Flavour to taste. Colour a delicate green. Pour on top of the fruit layer, which must be firm. After removing from the mould, stick the green layer with halves of almonds.

have you made one lately ?

HONEY VELVET

6 Servings

Three teaspoons Davis Gelatine, ¼ cup hot water, ¾ pint warm water, 3 tablespoons whole milk powder, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 dessertspoon sugar, vanilla essence, junket tablet dissolved in 1 tablespoon cold water.

Place warm water in a basin, add milk powder, add sugar, beat until dissolved. Add honey. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add to milk, flavour with vanilla to taste. Strain into a serving bowl. Stir in the dissolved junket tablet. Leave to set.

SAVOURY SALAD RING

6 Servings

Three teaspoons Davis Gelatine, ¼ cup hot water, ½ pint salad dressing (no oil), pinch of herbs, vegetables and salads as available.

Arrange any cooked vegetables and salads in a ring mould or cake tin. Sprinkle pepper, salt, and herbs very lightly between the layers. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, stir into the dressing, and carefully pour into the mould. Serve with lettuce and shredded young spinach. If liked, grated cheese or chopped mint may be added to the mixture, the herbs are then omitted.

CARAMEL PEAR DELIGHT

6 Servings

Three teaspoons Davis Gelatine, ¼ cup hot water, 6 small whole pears, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup cold water, juice of 1 lemon.

Place cold water, sugar, and lemon juice in saucepan. Stir until sugar dissolves. Stand pears stalk ends up in a casserole, add syrup and bake until the pears are cooked. Remove the pears to a serving bowl. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add to the syrup, and add cold water to make up to ¾ pint, leave to thicken slightly, then pour over the pears. If liked, ½ cup sherry mixed with ¼ cup brown sugar dissolved in ¼ cup hot water, may replace the plain syrup mixture used above for cooking the pears; the result is delicious.

ICE CREAM—without cream

One and a half teaspoons Davis Gelatine, 2 tablespoons hot water, 5 tablespoons whole milk powder, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 pint milk (fresh or made from milk powder), vanilla to flavour.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Mix sugar and milk together, beat into half of the milk, beat until sugar dissolves, add remainder of the milk and gelatine. Beat until the mixture is the consistency of cream. Freeze for ¾ hour, beat again thoroughly, add vanilla and freeze.

ICE CREAM—continued

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

TO SERVE WITH IT:

Mix together ¼ cup cocoa, 1 cup sugar. Add ½ cup water, small pinch of salt. Boil for 3 minutes. When cool add 1 teaspoon vanilla. If to be used hot on ice cream, add ½ teaspoon butter. Place in a container. This mixture will keep for weeks in an ice chest or refrigerator.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

FOR A CHANGE:

Boil ½lb. brown sugar with ¼ pint water for 10 minutes. Add 1 dessertspoon butter in small pieces and boil a few minutes longer until it forms a soft ball when a little is tested in cold water. Use hot.

. . . It's an exciting experience to *prepare simple everyday foods in new ways, and gelatine cookery is exciting and interesting. The Davis Gelatine recipe book, which is beautifully illustrated in colour, tells how to make dishes that are attractive, appetising, nourishing—and economical. If you would like a copy of the famous collection, "DAVIS DAINTY DISHES," write enclosing 2½d stamp for postage etc., to:*

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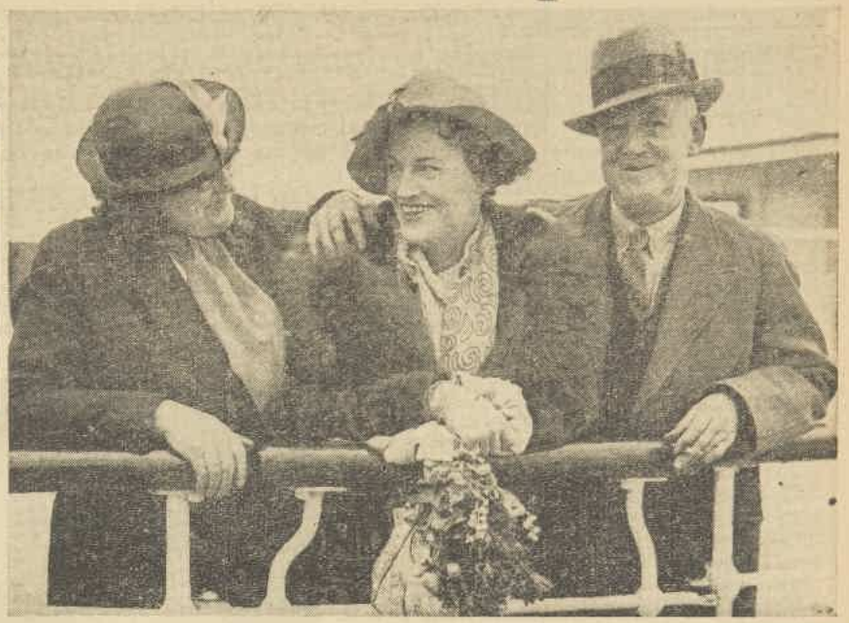
Gracie Fields wants to see a sheep station

GRACIE FIELDS, famous stage and screen star, with her husband, film actor Monty Banks.



"OUR GRACIE" with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Stansfield, who lived in a cottage on her Californian estate. They are at present in England.

Lancashire favorite will tour Australia in June

Cabled from Hollywood by VIOLA MacDONALD

Gracie Fields, the famous Lancashire screen and stage star, wants to visit Sydney Zoo, Melbourne Art Gallery, sheep stations, and the Blue Mountains when she comes to Australia in June.

I saw her at her seaside home in California, where she lives while working on Hollywood films, and we sat beside the swimming-pool while this energetic blonde star eagerly discussed her plans.

GRACIE, I found, lives in a whirl of activity. We were frequently interrupted by her two secretaries, Mrs. Fitzgerald and Miss Hecker, bearing phone messages, and by Gracie's husband, Monty Banks, who was upstairs rummaging for his sweater.

Monty continually shouted downstairs to his wife to find the sweater for him, and Gracie interrupted her chat to shout directions back to him.

Despite the confusion I managed to sort out the star's plans this way.

Gracie will visit Australia doing, as is her custom, at least two things at once.

Half the time she will devote to visiting camps and hospitals singing for servicemen, the other half she will appear on the stage on a concert tour for theatre audiences.

At this point we were interrupted by the flying figure of Gracie's secretary, Miss Hecker, with Gracie's radioscript for that night's show.

Gracie has her own radio programme now. She wanted to look over that evening's broadcast, and begged to be excused while she perused the heavy thick script.

"I have never visited Australia and am eagerly looking forward to doing all the tourist things—visiting Sydney Zoo, Melbourne Art Gallery, seeing sheep stations and the Blue Mountains—oh, everything I have heard my Australian friends talk about," she said.

Monty's voice upstairs yelled plaintively: "I can't find the one with the long sleeves."

Gracie yelled back: "You've got hundreds with long sleeves, which one do you mean?"

Monty screamed: "The black one."

Gracie shrieked back: "Look in the bottom drawer," and silence descended again.

Miss Hecker meanwhile told me Gracie gives three shows weekly for servicemen, and has just finished a Twentieth Century-Fox picture called "Molly, Bless Her," which is a story very similar to that of beloved Marie Dressler's life.

Gracie was starting work in the morning on a second film with Constance Bennett. It is "Paris Underground," which is the story of two women, one English, one American, who smuggle airmen back to England from Occupied France. Gracie plays the Englishwoman.

Share housework

GRACIE spoke proudly of her husband's part in the film as an Italian interpreter.

"When we are both working at the same time I cook breakfast and he cooks dinner," she said. "He is a good cook, too."

Gracie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stansfield, who lived in a cottage on the star's estate here, recently returned to England.

"Father caught pneumonia three weeks ago, and his life was endangered," she said, "but now I hear thankfully that he is well on the road to recovery in a Liverpool hospital."

Monty yelled downstairs his triumph at finding his sweater, and Gracie, having finished reading her radioscript, told me her home for thirty English war orphans has now been moved from London to the North of England.

Gracie supports the home by her share of the grosses received from the film "Stagedoor Canteen."

Receipts from this film were divided among the actors and actresses who donated their services to the film.

Wartime criticism

ALTHOUGH Gracie Fields—our Gracie to millions of fans—is probably one of the most criticised stars of this war, she has by now sung her way back to popularity with the British people.

Criticism arose when she left England for America in May, 1940, to join her Italian husband, Monty Banks. That was just before Dunkirk, when Britain's fortunes were at a low ebb.

Then it was alleged she had taken her jewels with her, and transferred some of her money.

Questions were asked in the House of Commons, but the matter was never pursued to any definite conclusion.

She was at this time a sick woman, and many people felt her attitude was justified; but others took the view it was the job of all Britons to stay in the Old Country during the time of trouble.

However, she returned to England in July, 1941, and, taking her courage and talent in both hands, she faced the music.

As she sang, her year's absence, if not completely forgotten, faded into insignificance, and she left every concert platform in camps and canteens throughout the country to roars of applause from servicemen and servicewomen.

The purpose of her return was to undertake one of the most strenuous tours of wartime Britain done by any artist.

During this tour she sang from the balcony of the Mayor's room, at her home town, Rochdale, "There'll Always be an England" and even the most sarcastic of the gossips joined in waving her good-bye.

Gracie's 1941 tour, which lasted three weeks, took her as far north as the Orkneys and into war factories and camps, and was enjoyed by nearly a million British war workers.

Its climax was a concert which filled to overflowing the Albert Hall, London, where Gracie sang "The Lord's Prayer."

When Gracie sang to Australians and Allied Armies, she said: "I was feeling pretty homesick over there in America. It sort of sticks in my throat—I can't explain."

And hundreds of soldiers, airmen, and sailors knew what she meant.

That is her great quality, in addition to her singing. She speaks the same language as her audience.

Gracie was plumper and smarter, with nylon stockings and glistening hair, but to millions of people she had not changed. She wept as she sang, and they cheered as she finished.

From mill-girls, who remembered she had once been a knotter, like them, to the boys in the gallery, she had everyone singing.

When Gracie left Britain for America again after this tour, girls in overalls and boys in khaki adopted a cry that almost became a slogan: "Fair play for Gracie Fields." The controversy that had raged round her earlier stay in America was forgotten.

She went away for more concert tours in Canada and America to bring in more money for war charities, and for two years British men and women heard little about their favorite.

When she returned last year for two months, it was one of the busiest tours of her whole career, finishing up by visiting North Africa and Sicily to sing to "Monty" and the men of the Eighth Army.

On the night she left Great Britain for that tour, though she was full of injections for the Middle East, tired and busy packing, she gave an afternoon concert for Australian boys at the Boomerang Club.

Friendly response of the Australians brought tears of happiness to Gracie Fields' eyes. She was emotional, and was obviously very excited and unhappy to be leaving Britain again.

Summing up, she said: "Boys, you love me. I love you, and that is summat."

And Gracie promised when she had finished her Middle East tour and fulfilled her contracts she would visit Australia.

In Italy she told the boys how England looked to her.

"Everybody seems to be sort of laughing at home."

She reassured men who had been out of England for years:

"There is a sort of throw-it-over-your-shoulder attitude. Just like that"—and Gracie would toss back the tassel in her turban to illustrate her words.

Gracie Fields did not follow the Eighth Army from Italy to France, for she had contracts to fulfil, and after entertaining some 100,000 troops just after and just before they went into action she packed her E.N.S.A. uniform and returned to America by way of Algiers.

It was in Algiers that Gracie was again in tears, because the Eighth Army's newspaper levelled the charge that she left troops for commercial engagements.

Hard-worked Gracie, who had done more in the time than any other artist, giving five shows a day under difficult conditions, found it hard to believe she could be attacked on these grounds.

Her Italian husband, Monty Banks, was blamed for bringing Gracie back, but he pointed out it was a question of being sued for £200,000 if she did not return.

"We would have lost our home," he told the Press.

Churchill himself intervened on Gracie's behalf, saying the Eighth Army News must be censored if unfair attacks were made.

Not many women will be as frank about their age as Gracie Fields, who admits her 45 years.

Gracie's own words are: "I am 45, boys—no chicken."

WITH HER ACCOMPANIST, Hal Stead, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Stead, Coogee, N.S.W. He was her accompanist on a British tour, when she gave 70 concerts in hangars, halls, and factories.

OUR COVER —"MONTY"

PORTRAIT of Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery on our cover was painted by 45-year-old British artist Harold Forster, who left a highly paid commercial career to do propaganda work for the Ministry of Information.

His vigorous series, "Brotherhood in Arms," is well known in Russia as a symbol of Anglo-Soviet friendship. Another brilliant series which enhanced his reputation was "Downfall of a Dictator."

Though his portrait of "Monty" is considered one of his best, Forster first achieved success with lovely chocolate-box girls when doing commercial work for Black Magic chocolates.

Field-Marshal Montgomery now commands four armies against the Germans in Europe. Of his new adversary, Von Rundstedt, he says. "I used to think Rommel was good, but Von Rundstedt could hit him for six."

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Editorial

JANUARY 20, 1945

RESOLUTION NEEDED

IT has needed only the first couple of weeks of 1945 to show us very plainly that this will not be a year in which the Allied war effort can be tapered off.

Australian troops are in action in tough battles north of Australia.

On the Western Front, victory plans have been sadly delayed by strong German action.

President Roosevelt has called for conscription of manpower to make good shortages in munitions.

In France, one-and-a-half-million men will be affected by a new call-up for the armed Services.

There is indeed an urgent need for most of us to revive the stern mood of resolution which sustained us in grimmer days.

Last year's invasion of Europe and its inspiring successes brought about a tendency to think in terms of the post-war rather than the war period.

That is the natural human reaction to the vision of peace and victory we had seen.

It is not a sign of weakness or unwillingness, but it is a sign of the war weariness and yearning for peace that make victory seem nearer than it really is.

Hitler is staging his last great battles, to produce just this state of mind in the Allied world.

If he can make his enemies feel that any sort of an end is better than a continuation of war, he might then break down the stern demand of unconditional surrender.

For the sake of those who have died and the generations to come, we must lay aside plans for early peace and work only to speed the day of victory.

MARRIAGE . . . as a legal contract

Woman lawyer discusses laws dealing with a wife's rights and obligations

As well as being an affair of romance and glamor marriage is a legal contract, and both parties to that contract should be fully aware of its effect on their personal rights.

A woman lawyer discusses the marriage laws dealing with domicile, nationality, finance, and property.

By MARY TENISON WOODS, LL.B.

UNDER the old common law, husband and wife were regarded as one person, but the Married Women's Property Acts in England and the Commonwealth completely revolutionised the law relating to married women.

A married woman can now own property, enter into contracts of all kinds, and make a will, as though she were a man or an unmarried woman.

She is also responsible in a Civil Court for her own "torts," that is civil wrongs as against criminal wrongs, such as an action for damages for negligence.

Responsibility

A HUSBAND was responsible for his wife's crime, under the old common law, on the basis that it must have been done at his instigation, one instance where the old law of the husband and wife being one did not work out to the husband's advantage!

Of more recent years the law has been changed to make a woman responsible for her own crimes.

Many people seem to be under the impression that a husband is automatically responsible for debts contracted by his wife, but this is not so.

When they are living together, she is presumed to have his authority to pledge his credit for the ordinary household needs. This is only a presumption, and can be set aside by evidence that the wife did not, in fact, have that authority.

If, for instance, a husband gives his wife sufficient money each week in cash to meet the household needs and she fritters it away on amusements and luxuries, and runs up bills for the household requirements, then the husband is not liable.

This is subject to one limitation. Where the husband has even once paid an account to a tradesman, that tradesman is entitled to regard the wife as her husband's agent, unless and until the husband informs him to the contrary.

All this applies where husband and wife are living together.

If a man deserts his wife, she becomes what is called his agent of necessity, and she is entitled to pledge his credit for necessaries for herself and children.

HAPPY BRIDE. She rarely thinks of the changes marriage makes in her position in the eyes of the law.

If a wife has a private income, but gets credit in her husband's name with his authority, and he cannot meet the liability, she is not compelled to do so, even though the article in question was for herself.

I am often asked whether a wife is entitled to keep as her own property savings from housekeeping allowances.

A recent English case decided that she is not.

From one point of view, this does seem hard. It seems to discriminate against careful housewives in favor of thriftless ones.

On the other hand, there is the chance that a naturally careful housewife might become so careful and thrifty that the desire to save becomes an obsession, and the needs of the family suffer in consequence.

In these days when so many of our girls are marrying servicemen, it behoves us to take a look at the law relating to domicile and nationality.

Domicile is the place where a person has his permanent home. It is more than mere residence. It is residence, plus the intention to make a permanent home there, even though that intention may be subsequently changed.

This question of domicile is very important indeed, because jurisdiction in matrimonial causes is based on it.

On marriage a woman automatically loses her own domicile and gains that of her husband, so that it is only in the courts of her husband's domicile that she can bring an action for divorce, judicial separation, or nullity of marriage.

The exception to this rule is when a girl is deserted by her husband, and both of them were domiciled in the same State before desertion.

Nationality

SHE is in these limited circumstances allowed to keep her domicile for the purpose of bringing her case in the courts of that particular State.

For the purpose of domicile every State in Australia is as much a foreign country as regards every other State, as, say, France or Italy.

A strong case can be made out for an Australian domicile, as against purely State ones, and for a woman being allowed to retain her own domicile for all matrimonial purposes.

Legislation having this effect is forecast as regards wartime marriage—but why not general relief?

A woman automatically acquires on marriage her husband's nationality.

In peacetime the chief privileges attaching to British nationality are rights of citizenship, such as the right to vote, when at home, and the right to the help and protection of British consuls when abroad.

But in wartime this matter of nationality becomes of grave importance in view of the many disabilities attaching to foreigners, particularly those of enemy nationality.

Children born in Australia are natural-born British subjects whatever the nationality of their parents may be.

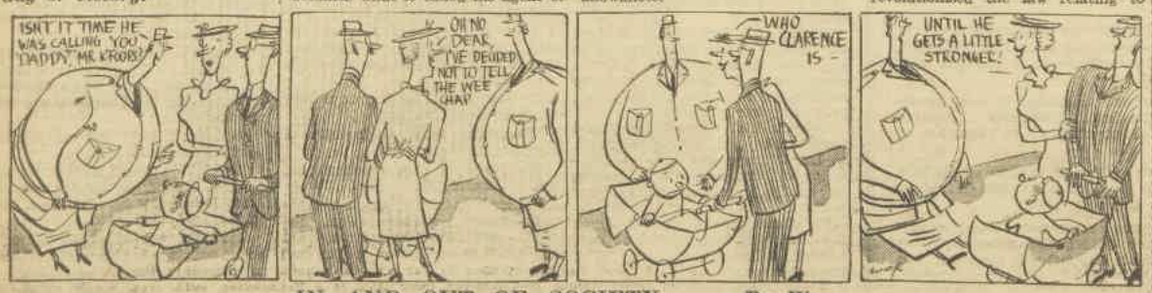
The Guardianship of Infants Acts revolutionised the law relating to custody and guardianship of children.

A woman cannot now be arbitrarily deprived of guardianship rights as of old. She has extensive rights of application to the court which will look to the interests and welfare of the child, and will make its order on the basis of what is best for the child.

An important thing to remember is that marriage automatically cancels all previous wills, so one of the very first duties of the newlyweds should be to make a will.

A further thing to remember is that a beneficiary, or the wife or husband of a beneficiary, under a will should not witness it. If he or she does, the will is good, but the witness loses all rights as a beneficiary under it.

I am often asked whether the fact that a girl marries is good ground for dismissing her from her job. The answer is that there is no general rule of law which states this. It is in all cases a matter of specific arrangement.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

Interesting People

MAJOR P. BAZELEY, O.B.E.

. . . penicillin

AWARDED O.B.E. in New Year's honors for outstanding work in penicillin production, Australia's penicillin expert, Major Percival Bazeley, of Sydney, formerly A.I.F., by his energy and organising ability produced in few weeks' supply of drug which would normally take months to achieve, thus saving lives of many servicemen in South-west Pacific. Recently visited England and U.S.A. to study latest methods of using penicillin for Service and civilian needs.

MISS GLADYS PENDRED

. . . the pre-school child

FIELD - OFFICER, Nursery Kindergarten Extension Board, Melbourne, since 1942, Miss Gladys Pendred has now been appointed by Commonwealth Government to be Federal Education Officer, Australian Association for Pre-School Child Development. Duties include co-ordinating work of kindergartens throughout Australia, with special reference to Lady Gowrie Child Centres in each State. Is Science graduate of Columbia, U.S.A.

MR. R. GRENELL

. . . U.S. consulate in Fiji

NEW appointment as U.S. Vice-Consul at Suva, Fiji, for Mr. Robert Grenell, for past two years Vice-Consul at Brisbane. Was formerly stationed in Sydney, and before that in Singapore. Toured New Guinea and islands as special representative of U.S.A. Department of Justice. Is graduate of Harvard. Was born at Dover, Massachusetts.

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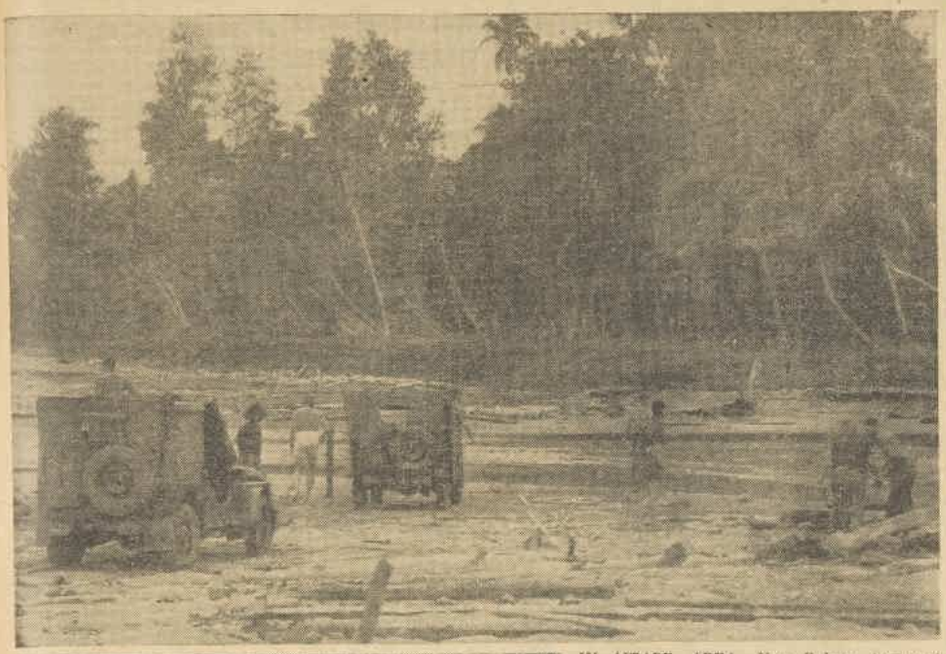
AUSTRALIAN TROOPS WIN NEW HONORS



IN AITAPE AREA, New Guinea, transport travels along the beaches. Australians took over from U.S. Forces in the Solomons, New Britain, and British New Guinea.

NOTICE TO JAP SOLDIERS says that any Jap who wishes to surrender should take one of the bills in container, put it on the end of a twig, and present it to any Allied soldier. He is guaranteed good treatment as a P.O.W.

ARMY NURSES in the Aitape sector, Capt. N. S. Luke (seated) was one of the first four members of the A.A.N.S. to arrive. She wears the Africa Star and is in charge of a casualty clearing station.

CASUALTIES from the attack on Little George Hill, Bougainville, being carried back for treatment just behind the firing line. Forward dressing stations now have refrigerators to keep drinks and serum cool, Red Cross delicacies, and even sheets on Army cots.

ON THEIR WAY to relieve Americans at the Torokina perimeter, Australian infantrymen crossing a stream on Bougainville. Their job is to put 16,000 Japs still on the island "out of the war for good."

ENGINEERS building a road to the unloading point at Jacquinto Bay, New Britain. Coral, palm leaves, and hessian were used as a foundation with steel mesh on the surface.

—Dept. of Information photos.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727776

What's on your mind?

Engagement rings unnecessary

NOW that engagement rings are hard to secure, many girls get married without this first symbol of their attachment.

To my way of thinking an expensive engagement ring is most unnecessary. For the average man the wedding day is put so much farther away when he has to dig deeply in his pocket for a ring with diamonds.

If diamonds must be given, why not then let the engagement ring and wedding ring be one? Jewellers could get together and give us a really lovely wedding ring that would serve for both.

After all it is the wedding ring that counts most in married life—not the engagement ring.

£1 to Miss E. Bell, 158 Easey St., Collingwood, Vic.

Unfair distribution

OFTEN we see advertisements like this: "Twenty aluminium saucepans for sale, for personal shoppers only," or "English china utility sets—50 only—no phone or mail orders."

In these times of limited stocks this system of distribution of goods in short supply seems to me an unfair one. The same few who are at liberty to be waiting outside the store for it to open, and are strong enough to fight for front place, will be able to secure each bargain as it is advertised.

The elderly, the frail, and the mother of small children have no hope whatever in the scramble.

Would it not be fairer to mark half of the goods for phone calls, and the other half for personal shoppers?

Mothers of young children should not have to go without these much-needed and long-waited-for necessities because they cannot be at the shop door before nine in the morning.

5/- to Mrs. J. Wilson, 307 Angas St., Adelaide.

Let us ban horrors

IT is about time that something be done to prevent our children becoming delinquents. Seemingly without scruple or thought horror comics and pictures are produced and allowed to be consumed by our young people.

Some mothers have become alarmed when Johnny, coming home from the pictures, has proceeded to enact those dreadful scenes of murder and crime that have so indelibly marked his mind.

Children's imagination should be filled with visions of peace and the works of nature, but our comics portray the unconquerable steel man whom the children try to ape. This fills them with the false impression that might is right.

Imagination can be developed by comics and pictures that portray the sweetness of life, with innocent stories that adequately cater for education in good and evil. The traditional fairy story is suited for the delicate minds of children.

5/- to L. Durnall, 104 Arncliffe St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

Would it work?

RE Mrs. Purchase's suggestion (18/11/'44) for keeping children's lunches in refrigerators at schools.

Would this work? Say 500 children go to a school, and half of them take lunches in jars; at one jar each that would be 250 jars.

It would take any teacher more than five minutes to hand these out to pupils, especially if jars were not clearly marked.

If two senior pupils were to hand out the jars, it would take quite a bit of their time.

And think of the collection of dirty jars in bags, cases, and so on! To say nothing of breakages, when you think of the treatment these cases get on trams and buses.

5/- to Mrs. D. Houghton, Elliston St., Chester Hill, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published, above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The Gentler Sex?

IF newspaper reports and radio descriptions can be relied on, many women are fans of the sport (?) of wrestling.

Is it that they obtain some thrill from watching these crude exhibitions of masculine strength, or is it just the urge to ape men even in their lowest pleasures that takes them to the stadium?

Amid the terrible din, bad language, and overcrowding, women are surely out of place.

5/- to Mrs. E. Hambly, 23 Rickard St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.

Hostels for civilians

IT would certainly be a boon if the Government erected a large hostel for civilians. There does not seem to be enough accommodation for travellers these days. One finds that most hotels have permanent boarders, so that there is no room available for casual civilians.

5/- to Mrs. A. Creelman, 2 Dickens St., St. Kilda, Vic.

Charity begins at home

IF there were more charity in the world, there would be fewer charitable institutions. Working among the intricacies of the law, I have seen administered many deceased estates through which, had the testator possessed a loving heart, he could have assisted many relatives, or even friends, living in straitened circumstances.

But, no! He left his worldly possessions to charitable institutions. There are surely very few people in the world who have no one belonging to them, or at least a friend with whom they could share their wealth.

There would be much more happiness if the wealthy helped the less fortunate during their lives instead of allowing them to enter "homes" where love is seldom found.

5/- to Lois W. Row, 16 Darley St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Bad example

TO-DAY we are constantly hearing adults talk of the appalling manners of schoolchildren. Yes, perhaps our manners are not perfect, but I think the adults have no right to criticise.

On giving up our seats in buses, trams, and so on, our elders very rarely say "Thank you," and so we are not over-anxious to surrender our seats.

At school we are taught that we should never board a vehicle until adults have alighted. We try to practise this to uphold the name of the school, but we notice with disgust the way the adults, especially women, board trains and buses before anybody has had a chance to alight, in their frenzied fear that they might not obtain a seat.

I think it would be a good idea if the adults practised what they preached.

5/- to V. Grieve, 56 Tavistock Rd., South Hurstville, N.S.W.

Housewives deserve more coupons

IT doesn't seem fair to me that housewives have to manage on the same coupons as issued to single girls.

These unmarried lasses can buy more clothes with the aid of their ration clothing coupons, whereas the married women have to purchase towels, manchester goods, and similar household lines all from their coupon books along with clothes and similar garments.

Of course, the unmarried ones will say that they have to give up coupons for linen, but do they? Not those that live at home, I'm sure.

5/- to Mrs. V. Dixon, 18 Tennis Grove, North Caulfield, Vic.

Blitz on bunny

I READ Mrs. J. Dwyer's letter (23/12/'44) re rabbits for food, and I am surprised to find that city people do not know what is being carried on in the country.

All through the past winter months dozens of rabbit-trappers have been trapping in the Hillston district for the Army. Thousands of pairs of rabbits were trapped. They were collected several times a week by carriers, taken to Hillston and frozen, then sent on the train to the city factories, where they were canned for the Fighting Forces.

Now it does not need trappers to keep the rabbit pest down. They are dying in thousands owing to the drought. I myself recently saw 44 bunnies dead on one burrow.

5/- to Thelma Love, Glenlea Station, via Roto Siding, N.S.W.

Educational films

I WONDER how long it will be before the Government introduces educational films into the school. A child could quickly grasp something that is shown and explained per celluloid and talkie medium.

5/- to Miss I. Billett, 492 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

Old Sinners Never Die

Continued from page 5

I OPENED Eileen's letter, and read it with eager interest. She had written as follows:

My dear Mr. Ford: I detest false delicacy, and I cannot pretend I have been blind to the state of your feelings. My father has told me of your generous offer about a settlement. I have, however, been in such a rush, and am so anxious about my father's health that I cannot write as generously as you might expect. I hope you will understand.

I feel that, in the goodness of your heart, you may have made me this offer at a time when you imagined I sorely needed comfort, and I respect you for that. Indeed, I respect you greatly, and I look forward to seeing you when we return. Then, if the same thought is in your heart, I think I might find it in my heart to say "yes."

Yours sincerely,
Eileen.

She had a postscript:

My father and I are anxious for news of Larry. We are aware you have all done everything possible, but there may still be a chance, don't you think so, Mr. Ford? Would you please be kind enough to let us know anything you hear—good news or bad?

I would have liked the letter better without the postscript. Nevertheless it had been written with modesty and had all the ladylike qualities I felt the woman I intended to marry should possess. Her handwriting had character, and I was glad that she had used notepaper fashionable at the moment in the best circles. The future looked rosy, and I went to an excellent lunch with a hearty appetite.

Mrs. Marven was standing on a stool in the public bar, tacking up a colored almanac. I remembered it represented the infant Samuel praying.

"It's pretty, isn't it?" she said, stepping down and surveying it critically. "Good for the customers, too. It helps keep their tongues tidy."

Providence must have been in an amiable mood that day since it permitted the postponement of the evil moment when I was to recollect that other letter which had come with the morning mail. I was at least given time to enjoy my lunch. Strange how my mind retains the little details of that meal, the last for which I was to have any great appetite for quite a time.

There had been a thick soup, seasoned, as I remember, so that I felt the heat of it making pleasurable little prickles under my hair, and afterwards a huge Cornish pasty apiece, each made by Mrs. Marven's own capable hands—with the turnips, potatoes and onions revealed in broad thin slices when you severed the tasty paste which was no more than a thin covering to hold together the delectable interior.

To finish there had been a fruit salad, served picturesquely in high wine glasses, and with fresh cream.

I sat back with a sigh of satisfaction and complimented the beaming landlady, and, taking the unopened letter, together with the one from Eileen, from my pocket, tapped the latter significantly as I placed it on the table beside me.

"A perfect luncheon to top off a perfect morning," I said.

"Good news?" Mrs. Marven inquired, similing.

"The best any man could have," I replied, and, try as I could to control my features, I am afraid I grinned fatuously as I picked up a clean table-knife and slit open the other envelope. I settled myself comfortably to read its contents. In a moment, however, I must have uttered an exclamation of dismay, for I vaguely remember Mrs. Marven's cry: "Good gracious, what is it?"

I did not answer, for as I read my world tumbled about my ears, and, ignoring everyone, I crushed the letter in my hand, and, rising, without a word of apology, dashed from the room, blind with fury, mad with frustration, my mind reeling at the rank injustice of this blow that had been dealt me.

In the solitude of my bedroom I re-read the letter, hoping against hope that in some phrase I might find a measure of comfort. But I found nothing but bleak words. There was no doubt about it. I was ruined. Every penny I had invested had gone. All my thrift, all my striving and saving counted for nothing.

This came of trusting people, I reflected. I recalled little things about the secretary of our company. His eyes, for instance. A plausible rogue if ever there was! And now he had gone—bolted—and with him our money.

I had come to my lunch a man of substance. I left it penniless. All I had was my position and years of hard struggle ahead.

There was Eileen to think of! Doubt assailed me. I had promised a marriage settlement of a thousand pounds—more than I had actually had at the moment, but the round figures had appealed to me as sounding so much better than a lesser amount. What would be Mr. Mahoney's reaction? What would Eileen think now?

Surely neither of these people could be so base as to let a few paltry pounds shatter the happiness of a man! I told myself that Eileen was too noble to be swayed by such considerations, that she would marry me for what I was, not for mere money. And, in any case, I had my position. I was somebody in this town, and promotion lay ahead.

Nevertheless, doubts continued to crowd in on me when I remembered Mahoney's attitude as disclosed in the letter in which he revealed himself as a sick man with no money of his own but desperately anxious to see his daughter comfortably settled before he died.

I washed my face and hands and assumed a careless air as I ran downstairs. I need not have bothered. I had pictured them in the hall, waiting in shocked expectancy, but there was no one there. Rose, the housemaid, called from the dining-room where she was tidying up after clearing away the luncheon debris.

"Oh, Mr. Ford, you left this on the table."

She handed me Eileen's letter which I had forgotten, and I detected a smirk which she instantly covered. Surely, I thought, she had not had the impertinence to read it. I would not have put it past her. I put it in my pocket as if it were of no consequence, and gave her a curt "Thank you."

When I reached the front door Mrs. Marven was standing on the footpath talking to Helen Speek. I considered that Helen's attire, though conventionally black, was far too stylish and frivolous for one so recently widowed.

The ostler, resplendent in an impressive, if rather faded, coachman's livery, drove up in the best buggy, drawn by a pair of chestnuts, and Helen climbed in, stood and waved a cheery good-bye, and was driven away, Mrs. Marven waving back to her. She turned and saw me standing on the step. I felt hurt. Apparently, she had forgotten all about my agitation at the luncheon table, for she made no reference to it whatever.

Instead, there was real pleasure in her voice as she said brightly: "Helen's off to Baloola to see the lawyer about Speek's estate. I feel so glad, Mr. Ford."

SHE assumed a confidential tone. "Her husband was ever so much better off than she expected. She'll be quite a rich woman. Isn't it nice?"

Coming on top of my own distressing news Mrs. Marven's revelation was not comforting.

"Nice?" I repeated with a bitter laugh. As I walked away I could feel her eyes following me curiously.

It did not improve my temper to find Garnet Price waiting outside the post-office, which I reached five minutes after the regulation opening time.

"Now then, young fellow," he cried, disguising his impatience with heavy humor, "can't have this, you know. This is the sort of thing that throws Governments off the Treasury bench."

I ignored his satire, and, opening the office, attended to his requirements. He filled in a telegraph form and regarded me with mock anxiety as I began checking the number of words. "You look a bit pale about the gills," he said. "Don't go overdoing it. Better cut out the sherries."

It was like his impertinence and I did not reply. I took his money and when he had gone I read the message over again and it seemed to me that Fate was determined to rub salt in my wound.

It was an instruction to a firm of stockbrokers, and, at any other time, would have made little or no impression upon me, but, with my disaster fresh in my mind, it seemed wholly unfair that this man, who had engaged in an illicit association with Helen Speek, should be able to deal in gilt-edge securities while I, with my honorable love for Eileen Mahoney, should be robbed of all I had.

Please turn to page 15

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THE present period, astrologically speaking, is one of extremes. Many people will find their affairs taking a surprising turn for the better, others will suddenly encounter bad luck.

Friday, January 19, may bring afflictions, worries, and adverse changes to many Arians, Cancerians, Librans, and Capricornians. All these people should live quietly then.

Tuesday, January 23, will be beneficial, chiefly in the lives of Aquarians, Geminians, and Librans. These groups should plan ahead and make good use of opportunities.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Live cautiously just now. Avoid discord, changes, and obstacles, especially on January 19 (afternoon and evening). But January 23 can show improvements.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): A mixed week. Be cautious. January 18 fair. After January 20 live discreetly for some weeks.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Good weeks ahead, so be patient and wise. Plan campaigns. January 23 excellent. Make good use of it. January 21 (from 4 p.m. to 10 p.m.) good. January 22 fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 21): Difficult weeks are ending, so be patient. But meanwhile January 18 very tricky, January 19 adverse, and January 20 poor. Changes ill-advised yet.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): If important projects not finalised by January 18 let them wait over for some weeks. January 19 and 20 fair. January 21 (forenoon) poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): January 21 (noon to mid-evening) very good; forenoon and near midnight poor. January 22 (late evening) good; balance fair. Finalise important matters now.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): January 18 and 19 both adverse. January 20 and 21 very poor. January 21 (4 p.m. to 11 p.m.) and January 22 (near sunrise and mid-evening) fair. January 23 excellent.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): January 18 fair, but unreliable; beware misjudgments and thefts. January 19, 21, and 22 can be difficult.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): January 19 (near sunrise) fair. January 20 poor. January 21 (morning and after 11 p.m.) poor, but fair thereafter.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Speed important projects now. January 18 just fair; beware misjudgments. January 21 and 22 poor. January 21 (4 p.m. to 11 p.m.) good; otherwise tricky. January 22 fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Good weeks ahead, so plan well and work hard. January 19 fair. January 21 and 22 poor. January 23 (after midday) very good.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Unexpected opportunities or gains possible in early part of week. January 18 poor; beware losses and indiscretions. January 19 and 20 poor. January 21 (4 p.m. to 11 p.m.) good; morning and midnight poor. January 22 (evening) good.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Ever since Joe studied camouflage he's been champion of the camp!"

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Are at Kord Key, West Indies, where they were invited to a masque ball by a mysterious man,
BARON KORD: Who had them flown there in his private plane.

Unaware of where Kord lived, Mandrake and Narda are annoyed to find they have come 2000 miles. They are astonished at the huge number of masked servants, who all laugh when Narda asks how they will get home. "Why do they laugh?" she asks.

NOW READ ON:

TO BE CONTINUED

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SAUCE makes a world of difference to a plain dish

SALADS ARE GOOD FOR EVERYONE and the addition of HEINZ "57" Sauce—a rich blend of fruits, vegetables and rare spices—gives a delicious new flavour to dressings. And remember, fish salads are tremendously improved with a small side dish of HEINZ Tomato Sauce mixed with top milk, a squeeze of lemon juice, and a little cayenne pepper.

TO HELP OUT THE BUTTER RATION and to keep meat and cheese sandwiches in the school bag, fresh and moist—and packet lunches for adults, too—spread them with HEINZ Tomato Sauce; it's delicious and not too highly spiced.

Many plain dishes improve wonderfully when a little sauce is added to bring out flavours and give them an extra appetising taste.

Zesty, tangy HEINZ "57" Sauce makes a world of difference to dishes that, without it, are just good, plain food. Stews and casserole dishes take added richness and colour—and tempting savour—when a little HEINZ "57" is added. Beef Olives, too, and Liver Loaf gain a new flavour with a dash of "57" in the seasoning. Use it, *not to disguise*, but to *enhance* the natural flavours of good, plain food.

Another prime favourite and appetiser is Heinz Tomato Sauce. It's fine in Haricots, popular in place of mustard with a grill, and splendid with crumbed or grilled sausages. And of course, there's *nothing like* it when you serve Spaghetti dishes!

TRY SOME "57" SCONE WHIRLS. The lass in the picture is making them to go with a "57" flavoured casserole dish already cooking—*they are a great standby when potatoes are scarce.*

Here's what you need: 6 oz. self-raising flour, 1 oz. shortening, scant ¼ cup of milk, a pinch of salt, 2 tablespoonsful plus an extra teaspoonful of HEINZ "57" Sauce. Sift the flour and salt well, rub in shortening, mix with milk and teaspoonful of "57" Sauce to form a soft dough. Knead lightly and roll to an oblong ¼ in. thick. Spread dough with rest of the "57" Sauce and roll as for a Swiss Roll. Cut with a sharp knife into 1 in. slices, place on meat (not in gravy), and cook for 25 mins. uncovered. Serve *hot*.

EGG DISHES are a high source of food value, so make the most of your eggs. For mouth-watering omelettes and souffles add HEINZ "57" Sauce with its 17 blended flavourings. Try it, too, with devilled eggs, egg salads, and sandwiches. It will give them a spice you'll wish to enjoy time and time again.

ALL THE MEN IN THE FORCES will enjoy the flavour of HEINZ "57" Sauce—so serve it with cold meats, with grills, with pies, with fish; it is delicious with each of them and is sure to win the approval of the lad who looks forward to his leave-time meals for a change in flavour.

The Famous "57"

Don't think Heinz are making less! They are making *more*. But fighting men must be fed first; and so civilian supplies are limited. But those with a quick eye for the famous 57 will still find supplies of Heinz Tomato Sauce and Heinz 57 Beefsteak Sauce.

57 VARIETIES

Troops first! That has to be Heinz Wartime Motto.

HEINZ

H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD

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Airmen stranded on prairie

Canadian Mounted Police come to their rescue

Four Australian airmen were left behind by their train when crossing the Canadian prairies and had a thrilling drive to try to overtake it.

This adventure is told by LAC Don Rodwell, in a letter to his wife at 145 Edward St., East Brunswick, Vic.

"ABOUT nine p.m. we had a short stop at a small town, Kenora, on our way to Manitoba. The porter told us that we had 15 minutes.

"We promptly went down the street for sandwiches. We were only gone about seven minutes, when we came out of the shop to see the train moving off.

"We were stranded; 100 miles from the camp, way out on the prairies.

"We knew that the train had a 20-minute stop-over at Kamsak, 30 miles farther on.

"We found a taxi-driver, but his brother had the car about one and a half miles out of town.

"This had taken about 20 minutes, and we were really worried. We finally got a van to take the four of us and the taxi-driver out to his brother and the car.

"At last we got the car, and had 30 minutes to reach Kamsak, 30 miles away.

"I will never forget the ride. The taxi-driver really could handle his car and we certainly travelled—65 to 70 m.p.h. over dark country roads, with bad headlights. It was very exciting.

"We had gone about 20 miles with ample time to spare, when the car stopped—fuel blockage. There were two mechanics among us. They overhauled the engine, but no luck.

"Suddenly a big car appeared—the Royal Canadian Mounties. They stopped, saw we were Aussies, and we told them our trouble.

"By this time we had missed our train, of course, but there was a freight train passing at 1.30 a.m. As our boys were not leaving Dauphin for the camp until 7.30, this would reach them in time.

"The Mounties volunteered to drive us to Kamsak to pick up the freight train.

"The railwaymen were great fellows. Apparently the four lost Aussie airmen were creating quite a stir in the district. They kidded and laughed at us, but fixed us up with a bed each on the 'caboose.'

"It was the roughest ride I have ever done, but we got there on time."

COOLING OFF. Men serving with the R.A.A.F. in New Guinea have a welcome swim. Photo sent by Mrs. Adrian Smith, 20 Main St., Scone, N.S.W.

DENTAL UNIT attached to the R.A.A.F. Mobile Dental Section, and stationed at the most advanced R.A.A.F. base in the Pacific. Left to right: W/O. Jack Hayes, Sgt. Arthur Sibley, Cpl. Fred Lewis, Cpl. Laurie Rea, who sent in the photo, and Wing-Commander John J. Arnold, Principal Dental Officer of the S.W. Pacific.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

IN NEW YORK. Australian airmen pose on top of the Empire State Building in New York. Left to right: H. Sarah, Mildura, Vic.; R. Wright, Orange, N.S.W.; J. Hoskins, Sydney; C. Chappell, Coonabarabran, N.S.W.; L. Paper, Coogee, N.S.W.; and K. Coulter, Kempsey, N.S.W. Photo sent by Miss D. Sarah, Box 523, Mildura, Vic.

Cpl. N. Stagg, in the North, to his mother, Mrs. M. A. Stagg, 422 Gilles St., Adelaide:

"WHEN we realised that it was a useless fight against the flood, we just waded knee-deep to the canteen and drew our two bottles of beer and settled down to a little steady drinking while waiting the rise or fall of the water.

"Don appointed himself 'Chief High Water Mark,' and squatted on the floor of the tent and used his ribs as a gauge to measure the rise or fall of the water."

Pte. G. F. Cahill, Stalag XIIIC, Germany, to his brother at 169 Darling St., Balmain, Sydney:

"LAST Sunday we went to the cemetery where six Air Force men are buried. We have got the grave in good order. Flowers growing, a big wooden cross suitably inscribed. We held a short service. No padre was available, so I conducted the short prayers according to Army requirements. We laid a wreath on the grave."

LAC J. Castley, R.A.A.F., Pacific, to his wife, Mrs. V. Castley, Huxham St., Auchenflower, Brisbane:

"BOXING championships are being held here at the moment.

"The first night's bouts attracted a large, enthusiastic audience, including the natives, who come to attend any function held.

"The bouts were first-class, and in one contest the scene was unique. In one corner was a pretty tough-looking specimen of an Aussie, and in the opposite corner was none other than a C. of E. padre, and with him as seconds were two other padres.

"The padre put up a good show, and received a great hand. Could you imagine a priest or a parson taking part in a bout down there, being urged on and advised by two other [illegible] the best tactics are for flattening an opponent?

"Up here things are different. A man is just another man, and sized up by what he shows himself to be."

Old Sinners Never Die

Continued from page 12

I THOUGHT, too, of Eileen and the poor resources of her dying father, and compared her lot with that of Helen Speek, even now hurrying to find out how rich she had become.

It was more than unjust. It had no right to be.

I sent feverish telegrams to the city, but received scant consolation from the replies. There was no doubt my money had gone—vanished like the wind. The rogue who had absconded had completely disappeared and the police, with their usual inefficiency, hadn't the faintest idea what had become of him. Even if discovered he would doubtless have long since dissipated our funds.

When a second letter came from one of my business associates reproving me for the wording of my telegrams (for I had, of course, expressed my opinions rather trenchantly), and impertinently advising me to take my medicine like a man, I was almost beside myself.

Nevertheless, to the best of my ability I hid my feelings from Mrs. Marven and the rest of them at the hotel, though I am afraid I must have appeared a little taciturn and unlike my usual self.

Eileen's father irritated me by writing, reiterating his catalogue of woe, stressing his poor health and lack of resources. A fine time of life, it seemed to me, for a man to start crying poverty. I had no patience with him. He hadn't always been sick. He was twice my age and had had years of opportunity to provide for himself and his daughter.

He had treated Eileen very shabbily in my opinion, and now he was looking to me to make up for his shortcomings. I loved Eileen. I wanted her with all my heart, but, confound it, a father had some obligations.

These thoughts were in my mind one morning when Garnet Price, after collecting his mail, stood outside the delivery window reading a letter he had just received. He turned to me with a grin and waved the letter.

"If you weren't shut up in your little prison, Ford," he said, "we could go and have a drink on the strength of this. Five hundred pounds and made without turning a hair or doing a stroke of work. That's the way to make money, old boy. Better than the Government service, eh?"

Perhaps he had not intended to be rude, but I chose to let him see I resented his tone, and slammed down the wooden shutter. His contemptuous laugh rang in my ears as he strode away.

I think it was from that laugh that my idea was born, for I suddenly saw, as plain as day, how, by acting boldly, I could recompense myself for my losses and not only wipe them out but in all probability establish myself more firmly than ever.

The decision I had come to was strengthened by the change in Helen Speek, who began to spend more time with Mrs. Marven, and sometimes helped her about the house. The sullenness had gone out of her expression, color had come to her cheeks, and, with her large eyes and thick mop of golden hair, I had to admit that she had become even more attractive.

Her furtiveness of speech left her, and she joined in the general conversation quite naturally, and frequently, and despite her mourning, actually aided and abetted Mrs. Marven in that particular brand of discourse in which the landlady excelled and which I could not help but think belonged more to the bar-room than to polite society.

Mrs. Marven, of course, went out of her way to make her feel at home, and, with a sad lack of decorum, but doubtless meaning well, even celebrated her birthday. I got to the hotel at midday to find myself dragged into the commercial room, where an unusual drink was thrust into my hand while Dr. Hansen proposed a toast.

I had never tasted such a beverage before, but I know that, temporarily at least, it eased my mind and even gave me a sense of well-being in addition to a tremendous appetite.

SOMEHOW Mrs. Marven had managed to keep it icy cold, for they were the days before crushed ice came to the country towns, and I observed that tongues were noticeably loosened almost immediately we had drunk the stuff, Price in his boisterous manner declaring that our hostess should be recognised by the Queen in the next birthday honors.

We went into luncheon, the others laughing, and all of us hungry, and that was just as well, for Helen, it appeared, was of Yorkshire descent, and Mrs. Marven had been up early to do justice to the occasion.

We sat down to a Yorkshire pie such as I had never seen before. A goose and a fowl had been sacrificed on the altar of gastronomy, and both boned, the latter stuffed with minced ham, veal, suet, lemon peel, various spices, sweet herbs, and goose liver, with onion and a little cayenne worked into a paste with the yellow of two eggs. Mrs. Marven had then sewn up the fowl, trussed it, and stewed it with the goose for twenty minutes in some beef and giblet stock mixed with a small glass of sherry and in a closed stewpan.

After that the fowl had been popped inside the goose, and the latter placed in a pie-mould lined with short-paste. The goose had rested on a cushion of stuffing and in the middle of the liquor in which he had been stewed, and was surrounded in the pie with slices of semi-cooked hare and wild turkey (the latter taking the place of the Yorkshire pheasant and partridge, Mrs. Marven explained) alternating with more seasoning.

Butter was spread before the pie was roofed in, and, I believe, the whole lot had then been baked for three hours.

It was served to us cold, and as I ate I imagined myself at the head of my own table as host at just such a meal, but prepared, of course, by servants. It was all right for Mrs. Marven in her capacity as hotelkeeper to do her own cooking, but I could not see my own wife engaged in a task so menial.

No, I thought, as the birthday luncheon progressed, the meals in my home would be prepared by our domestics, and the cook, no doubt, duly complimented after we had bidden good-bye to our guests.

However, Mrs. Marven's little party was not greatly concerned with the niceties of polite society. When the meal finished I observed Helen Speek with her arm about her hostess in an attitude which might, of course, have been one of affection, but which was as likely as not induced by an excess of alcohol.

I HAVE been told, though I have never experienced the sensation, that the sense of well-being which drink occasions is frequently accompanied by a fixed determination to see only the best in one's companions and blind one to their obvious shortcomings.

I feel grateful that I have always been able to take my liquor like a gentleman without permitting it to disturb my logic, and when Garnet Price called as I was departing, "Well, good-bye, Ford, old boy," I chose to ignore him, and, thanking Mrs. Marven, bowed to the company as a whole and went out.

I had a feeling that my departure was followed by a personal discussion in the worst of bad taste.

Garnet Price had made a habit of coming to the hotel for meals. His attitude to Helen was outwardly circumspect, but covert glances which now and then I intercepted told me as plainly as if these two had spoken that they had a secret understanding. In company they had agreed to appear no more than commonly polite to each other till such time as convention permitted more familiarity.

Price, indeed, made not the slightest attempt to remain alone with the woman, and, as a matter of fact, on several occasions jumped us and said he must be going when it appeared he might be left with her and none other present.

The more I considered the idea fermenting in my mind, the more justifiable it seemed, so that, when I received from my business associates a further communication to the effect that not only was there no possibility of retrieving anything from the ruins of our company but we might be called upon to find some money to straighten the matter out, I hesitated no longer.

To be continued

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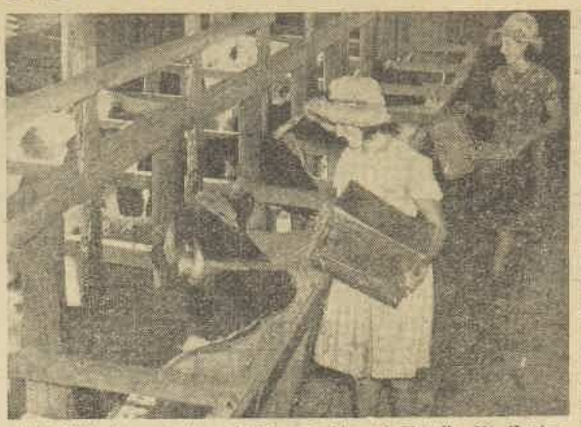
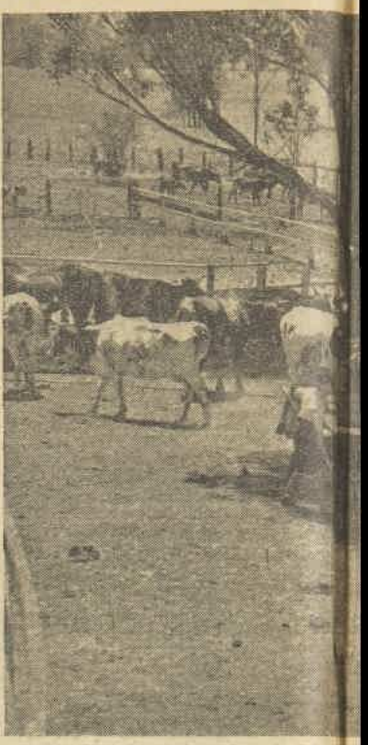
DROUGHT BRINGS DAIRYMEN'S GRIEVANC

STAR of the N.S.W. milk drama. On many properties in the zone which supplies Sydney, water has to be carted several miles for the stock.



FEEDING. Darcy (left) and Wilma Jenkins, of Glenulla, Mt. Hunter, help their mother run her 240-acre property. Wilma spent a year in the Land Army.



COWS SEEK the shade of trees in the pa... bare throughout the Camden-Cam...

Industry kept going by unpaid family work, farmers say

By DOROTHY DRAIN

When Sydney housewives found their milk problems increased last week they were faced with the climax of a long accumulation of grievances in one of Australia's basic industries.

These grievances were brought to a head by one of the worst droughts in the country's history, but dairymen say that the basic cause of the trouble is that for too long dairy farms have carried on only by making unpaid hands of "Mum and the kids."

THE family as a unit, they told me when I visited the Camden-Campbelltown district last week, has had to bear the burden of dairying too long.

It was possible for Mum and Dad to struggle along as long as seasons were good, and while the youngsters were prepared to stay and work for their keep.

But in recent years the youngsters have found it a better proposition to gamble on the chance of success in the city than on the chances of good seasons.

Many soldiers who left the dairy farms have no wish to return to the land.

In this district, one of the oldest dairying districts in New South Wales, and one of the worst hit by the drought, any number of families can give examples of this drift away.

"My two eldest boys grew up in the depression," said one farmer, "so there was nothing to do but keep them here.

"But the youngest one was luckier. He is only 15 now, so I've got him a job in the city."

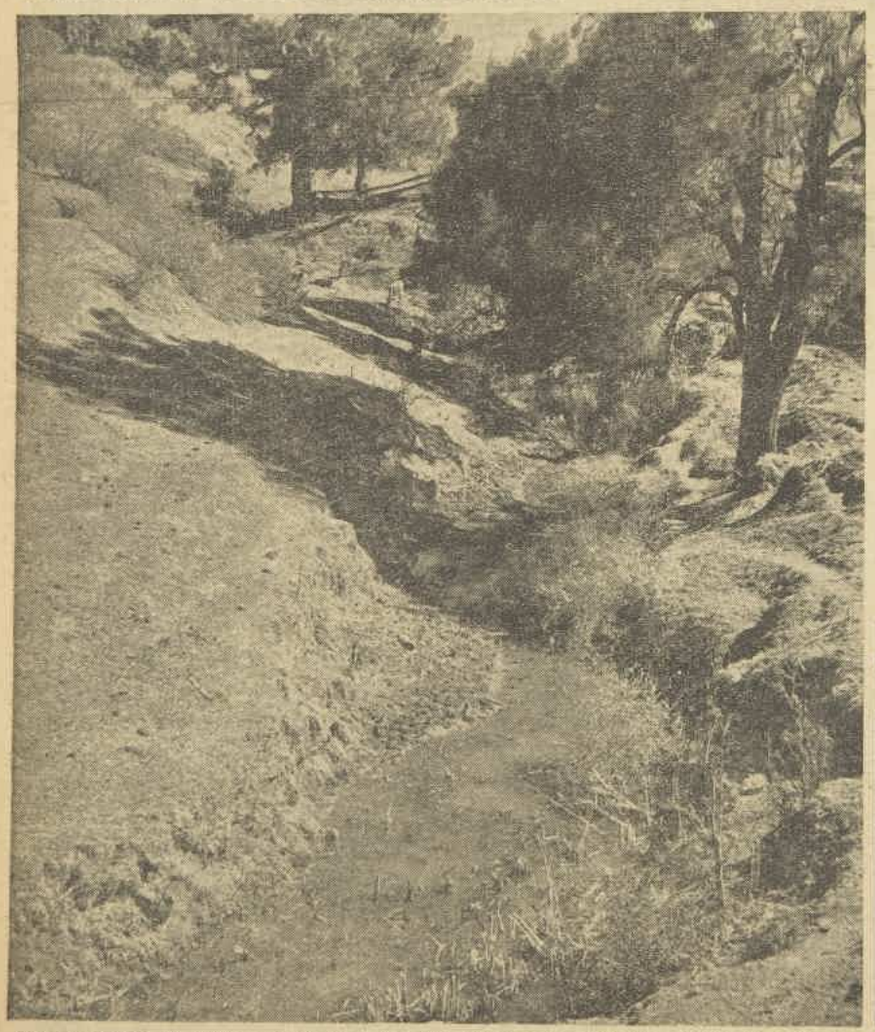
At this time of the year the rolling hills of the district are usually covered by long summer grass. In good times it is as pretty an example of rich dairy land as any you might see.

Now the hills are barren and eroded, the ground trampled bare. Only the tenacious gums, flowering along the dry creek beds, and the ubiquitous pepper trees that shade the milk-can platforms at homestead gates give any promise of life in the land.

While the district contains some large properties run with hired labor, many of the holdings are those of small owners or share-farmers who without the all-in effort of wife and children could not carry on.

And though these farms are mostly within a couple of hours' rail journey from Sydney, the women suffer the lack of amenities of outback farms—no electric light, and no water laid on.

Wherever you call, there are the



SPRING CREEK, Mt. Hunter, near Camden. Mr. Amos Baxter, whose property is nearby, says it is the first time in nearly 60 years that he has seen the creek not running. Average rainfall in district is 28 inches. Last year only 10 inches fell.

FEEDING CALVES is part of the day's routine on a dairy farm. Miss Iris Jolliffe, who with her father and sisters is employed on one of Mr. E. Rofe's properties.

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ES TO BITTER CLIMAX

...s. Paddocks are trampled
...mbelltown district.

...ly neat homes of the
...rywomen, the hospitable in-
...ce a cup of tea, the speckless
... that give evidence of
...n housework besides their
... the family's way of earn-
...g.

...se cases, women whose men
...t the war are running places
...ves.

...emilla, Mt. Hunter, we
...d Lina and Darcy Jenkins, the
...ghters of Mrs. J. M. Jenkins,
...e middle of the afternoon's
...k.

...Jenkins came to the farm
...r soldier husband as a bride
... last war. Since her hus-
...d, six years ago, she has run
...tcers farm.

...r n, Jack, who has served in
...Middle East and New Guinea,
...ently released from the Army,
...ikely after he came back to
...at was caught in the belting
...e milking machine and broke
...n.

...m who has spent a year in
...Air Army, and Darcy, who is
...n e meantime milk 27 cows a
...ppresent by hand while the
...nir are out of order) and feed
...ts.

...16-year-old Shirley Johnston
...ner girl, who does a man's
... the farm. Her two elder
...have jobs in the city.

... up at 5.30 every morning
...her father with the milking
...m near Campbelltown.

...n harnesses the horse for
...to take the milk by spring
...to the depot at Campbell-
... afterwards comes the wash-
...up.

...'s really 11 by the time I
...h at and feeding the poddy
...she said.

...she has fitted in grooming
...he and given her mother a
...h the housework, it is time
...g to repeat the process with
...afternoon milking at 2.30.

...g don't growl," said Shirley.
...gets up much earlier, about
...4, and he's always last to
...

...milk 30 cows a day.
...getting six or seven cans less
...a good season," Mr. John-
...d.

...rom Johnston's farm 40 gal-
...ay go to the depot instead of
...ood times, which gives some
... the general over-all drop in
...on.

MILKING TIME comes twice a day, morning and afternoon. Machines make the job quicker, but it is still hard work.

Hand-feeding of the stock adds a couple of hours' work on to already overcrowded days. As well, there is the problem of getting fodder, which is scarce and unsatisfactory.

The farmers complain that wheatmeal, the most readily available, makes the cows sick.

"It swells inside them when they drink water after it," said Mr. Thomas Fitzgibbon, of Killara, near Campbelltown.

"When I was a kid I had a new pair of shoes that hurt. A farmhand told me to put wheat inside them and wet it. It stretched them all right. In the morning the uppers were lifted off the soles."

Early settlers

"IN the 1902 drought we had to feed the cows on potatoes. It was one of my jobs as a small boy to chop them up and sprinkle them with bran."

Mr. Fitzgibbon's family was one of the earliest to settle in the district. His forefather came there 95 years ago and started supplying milk to Sydney nearly 60 years ago.

He has been on "Killara," his present property, for 46 years, has one son helping him, one in the Army, and another in a city job.

Mr. Fitzgibbon has 1200 gallons of water a day carted to feed his stock. Water costs him a pound a day, and feed about £10 a week.

One farmer gives figures showing that his 700-acre property was run at a loss last month of £40.

While the drought has made a fall in production inevitable, the secretary of the Milk Zone Dairymen's Council, Mr. F. Sedgwick, says that foresight on the part of former Governments could have saved the greater part of it.

"Fodder and water conservation are two national jobs that should be organised by the Government," he said.

"The average farmer has not had the capital or the time to go in for fodder conservation in a big way. It needs a national plan.

"The rise to 1/10 a gallon we have asked for would not show results in production immediately, unless we get good rain, but it would help put dairying on its feet and thus avert further big seasonal shortages.

"Dairying is the only industry in which no allowance is made for profit in the price-fixing structure. The result is that many farmers could not make a living unless their wives and children slaved alongside them."

Mr. Sedgwick, like most of the farmers in the zone, contends that the industry should stand on its own feet.

The average farmer argues thus: "Subsidies are only a dole. The public, which is paying more for nearly all foodstuffs, would not mind another halfpenny on the price of milk.

"As it is, with milk fixed at 7½d. a quart, the Government has to resort to subsidies and drought relief grants to bolster up the industry."

Mr. R. V. Moore, who owns Glenmore, a 700-acre farm near Camden, believes that it should be possible to put farming on a satisfactory basis.

"Dairy farms could be adequately managed on a 48-hour week, and employees paid the basic wage, if a satisfactory price was paid for the dairy produce.

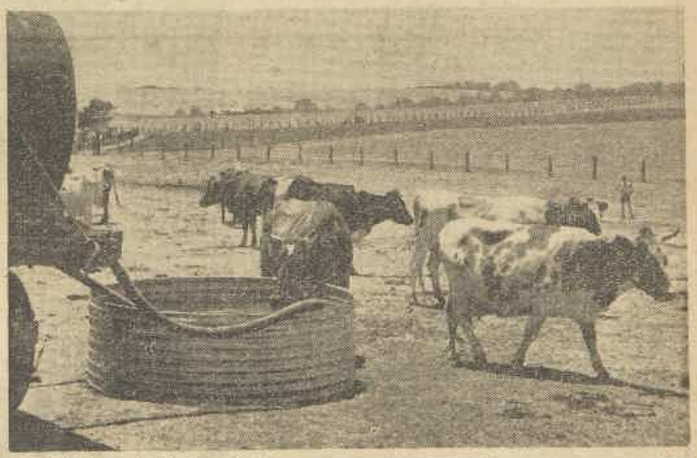
"I believe the consuming public would be prepared to pay that price for milk, as they do for other commodities.

"Besides the crying need for a general water and fodder conservation scheme," he said, "the extension of electric light and water services to farms in an area like this would make all the difference in making life on a dairy farm worth living.

"The youths who have been reared on the land, although their interests are in it, are loath to stay on it when they see better conditions in other industries.

"All the farmer asks is that his industry, which is after all the most important in Australia, should be at least on the same level as others."

WASHING-UP is one of the twice-daily jobs of 16-year-old Shirley Johnston. Shirley is her father's right-hand man on his farm near Camden.



WATER is carted twice a day to Mr. T. R. Fitzgibbon's farm, Killara, from a standpipe in Campbelltown.

MR. AND MRS. T. R. FITZGIBBON and their son Ken survey the brown paddocks surrounding their home near Campbelltown.

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by Cyclax

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- Lipstick . . . 8/3
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PRETTY BRIDE. Pilot-Officer Malcolm McMurran, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Heather Baines, leaving St. David's Church, Haberfield. Bride is on administration staff of Sydney University.

CELEBRATION. Vivacious Maybery Bevan and fiance, Lieut.-Colonel Richard Michael Brydges, R.E.M.E., celebrate engagement at party at Prince's. Maybery is elder daughter of Mr. Philip Bevan, of Edgecliff, and late Mrs. Bevan. Couple plan marriage within next few months. Michael's home is in Surrey, England.

INTERESTING WEDDING. Captain Stuart Shierlaw, 5th Battalion (Naplers), 6th Rajputana, Indian Army, and his glamorous bride, formerly Rada Penfold Hyland, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Penfold Hyland, cut their wedding cake at reception at home of bride's parents, Toft Monks, Elizabeth Bay, after ceremony at St. John's Church, Darlinghurst. Bridegroom was formerly A.D.C. to His Excellency the Governor of United Provinces, India, Sir Maurice Hallett.

On and Off Duty.

CHARMING Canadian Mrs. Bill Wight, wife of Australian Squadron-Leader Wight, who recently arrived in Australia as liaison officer for R.A.F. Transport Command on first flight in "Commando" plane, likes everything about Australia except our housing problem.

"I just love being here," says Mrs. Wight, when I chat to her. "But your housing problem is hard to take, and I'm longing to find a flat and unpack my linen, china and silver I have brought with me from home," she adds in her soft Montreal drawl.

• • •

MRS. WIGHT, who before her marriage two and a half years ago in Canada was Marguerite Cowan, preceded her husband to Australia by boat with her eighteen-months-old daughter, Wendy Sue. Marguerite and Wendy Sue are making their temporary home with Bill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wight, of Campsie.

Couple are entertained at Romano's in party given by Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Maclaren, of Darling Point, in honor of Air Vice-Marshal R. L. G. Marix, Air Officer Commanding R.A.F. Transport Command, who recently arrived in Australia.

• • •

CULMINATION of romance which began in England before the war when Esme Utber, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Utber, of Roseville, late of Cooma, marries Squadron-Leader John Kemnitz, who was attached to R.A.F. and is now with N.Z. Air Force. Three months' honeymoon will be spent in New Zealand.

LOVELY bridal gown of chalk - white crepe worn by Sheila Chisholm for her marriage to Douglas McKenzie at St. Alban's Church, Lindfield. Sheila has been Director of Surry Hills Day Nursery School for past four years, and Douglas is just through course at University and is now Bachelor of Agriculture. Sheila is only daughter of late Mr. E. H. Chisholm and of Mrs. C. M. Chisholm, of Lindfield.

• • •

COUNTRY interest when Nessie Kearins announces engagement to Harry O'Neill at party at Romano's, when Harry presents fiancee with lovely sapphire and diamond ring. Nessie is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Kearins, of "Templemore," Murringo, and Harry is eldest son of Mrs. E. J. O'Neill, of "Frogmore Estate," Frogmore, Boorowa, and late H. J. O'Neill.

• • •

WIFE of Prime Minister, Mrs. Curtin, plans arrival in Canberra some time next week. There will be quite a family gathering at The Lodge, as their daughter Elsie (Mrs. J. W. Cole) is also at the Capital at the moment.

ENGAGED. Attractive Nerida Greville-Lane and her fiance, Flight-Lieut. Alan Morley Bradshaw, R.A.A.F., at their engagement party held at home of Nerida's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Greville-Lane, Bellevue Hill.

LOTS of country interest when Heather Ross, of "Jellambi," Harden, charming young daughter of the R. B. Ross', marries Camden Roberts, ex-A.I.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Roberts, of Murrumburrah, at Ross Memorial Church, which, by the way, was built by bride's grandfather. Reception after wedding held at "Jellambi" homestead, and honeymoon in Sydney.

• • •

DATE for your diary. Robin Hood Party at Arrows Club this Saturday night. Hostesses at party will dress in Robin Hood costumes. I believe there's a great search for fir trees for decoration.

Joyce

SOVIET PARTY. Press Attache of the Soviet Legation, Mr. George Morozov, greets Dr. and Mrs. Peter Russo at cocktail party given in ballroom at Australia Hotel to farewell "Tass" representative, Mr. V. Mikheev, and Mrs. Mikheev before they return to Moscow.

WED AT ALBURY. Lieut. John Mair, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Hesper Thompson, leaving St. Matthew's Church of England after their marriage. John, who is second son of Mr. Alex Mair, M.L.A., and Mrs. Mair, of Albury, returned few weeks ago after being P.O.W. in Italy. Couple announced engagement four and a half years ago, before John left Australia. Guests came from Sydney and Melbourne for wedding.

CATHEDRAL WEDDING. Craftsman Ian Bates, A.I.F., and his lovely bride, formerly Marian Alder, leaving St. Andrew's Cathedral after their marriage, with attendants, Ian's brother, Corporal Douglas Bates, A.I.F., and Marie Cason. Ian is youngest son of late Mr. A. Bates and of Mrs. R. Bates, of Darling Point, and Marian is youngest daughter of late Mr. C. Alder and of Mrs. R. Alder, of Hurlstone Park.

FLYING-OFFICER OWEN BRAKSTEAR MORGAN, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Sergeant Joan Stephens, W.A.A.A.F., leaving St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse. Joan's sister, Margaret, bridesmaid; Flying-Officer Eric Nicholls, R.A.A.F., best man; Ruth Horsley flower-girl. In background of photo are bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. F. G. N. Stephens, and bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Morgan (right), of Adelaide.

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. . . to give a Nation Milk

THE cow is the hardest-worked animal in wartime Australia. Never before in the history of the Commonwealth was there such an overwhelming and increasing demand for milk, butter, cheese, condensed milk, powdered milk, baby foods and milk foods for invalids.

To-day, the hard-working dairy farmer, operating with less help than ever before, is called upon to provide more and more milk—for the fighting forces, for nations enduring the physical impact of war, for our own people, for visiting ships and troops, for invalids, for nursing mothers. But this must be remembered—*it takes more than cows to give a nation milk.* It takes vast armies of men and women, such as those enlisted under the Nestlé's banner. It takes specially equipped Nestlé's factories, handling, pasteurising and processing millions upon millions of gallons of milk a year.

It takes laboratories with dieticians and food-scientists; veterinary surgeons to examine and test the herds; experts ranging from engineers to registered nurses; the provision of farm machinery to assist dairy production. It takes canister makers, case makers, truck drivers . . . all called upon to work in the cause of giving the nation milk and to ensure that its purity and freshness can defy time and travel.

One other important factor remains—*your* co-operation—your appreciation of the problems which confront the dairy farmer and such organisations as Nestlé's in meeting the urgent demand for increased production. *Through economy and a kindly understanding of wartime difficulties . . . you can help them to help you.*

NESTLÉ'S

A HOUSEHOLD WORD THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

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Ministering Angel, Me

Continued from page 3

HE broke in angrily: "Can't you or anyone here possibly listen a moment? The thing is, I don't know her number or her name. That is," he went on, faintly puce, "the name I know's Pinkie. We met at a do last week. I tried to explain, to tell this Iris to phone the pub up and tell them to look out for a blonde sort of girl——"

"I'll tell you what," I said. "I'll go and meet this Pinkie of yours myself. Now what exactly is it you want to say?"

"Just phone. Say I'm sorry, will you, and explain why——"

Iris' footsteps sounded.

"Please," he said, "phone."

"Matron wasn't in Ward C," Iris said tartly.

"Wasn't she?" I inquired.

Iris' glance said implacably, "Outside." So I went.

Then I planned how I'd fix it to make Pinkie realise how absolutely heart-broken he was not to keep the date, which should mean that she'd come here quickly, to do his pillow smoothing, and bring flowers. And that, I thought, would be one in the eye for Iris, apart from doing the Viking a good turn.

Unfortunately, as I was going off duty, sister asked me could I, just this once, stay on, as they were expecting an emergency case. I said immediately, of course, I would have, only it happened that a very old aunt of mine was coming to see me—a very long way, after a very long time. All sister said was, perhaps I'd like to phone, then?

So I didn't know what to do. Then I thought of Johnny. I got him on the phone and I explained he must go to the "Dog and Duck" and what he must do there. Did he mind very much?

He said :"Is she blonde?"

I said: "She's blonde. Now listen—listen, Johnny . . ."

Johnny said that would suit him down to the ground, and rang off.

Next morning I intercepted the Viking's elevenses. Iris' wardmaid is, naturally, on my side. I knocked on the Viking's door, and fate was with me, the baby in Room 17 having started to yell.

"Well, I did it," I said. "That is to say, I didn't. Sister stopped me. But a friend of mine did. He went there and——"

"That was very decent."

"Not at all," I said evenly. "He had fun."

He'd actually come in late last night to tell me. There wasn't a Pinkie, he said, among the lot. But Tip, Johnny had said, it's an awfully good line, really. You know, I've come on behalf of my bedridden friend. They were frightfully touched, said Johnny, and he laughed. Matter of fact, he said, he'd made a date . . . I gave him a look, and thought: Men!

I told the Viking all about it. He faced the wall sharply. "Well—thanks."

"There must be some explanation," I said. "You don't want to take it to heart. What you want——"

"It was kind of you, anyway," he said, and murmured: "When pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou."

The door opened then and Iris came back and rushed to the Viking's bedside and put a hand on his head.

"Tip," she said, "I haven't heard of anyone who wants you. But I should think there must be someone who does."

I suppose I ought to have been glad in a way, really, that the Viking had taken Iris' mind off Johnny. But I couldn't help feeling sort of sorry for Pinkie. So I made excuses several times that day to get in and talk to him. Iris got simply furiouser and furiouser, and presently she spoke to sister about me.

"Rowntree," sister said, "It has come to my ears" (but that didn't fool me) "that you're always to be found outside your own ward. Now, of course, I don't want to curb legitimate movements, but the great part of your work" (she looked round Ward A) "must be here. So we'll say no more, but I shall not be at all pleased if I send for you any time now and you are not here."

Well, I went home that night feeling everything was against me. And all that night and most of the next day I went about planning awful revenges for Iris.

Then I got an idea. It came to me in a flash—like all my really good ideas. It would help the Viking and Pinkie and ditch Iris, and Johnny and I could settle another day . . .

I shut myself into the X-ray room to work. I mean, composing that advertisement took a bit of doing because it had to be clear, yet ambiguous, to bring off what I wanted and yet not to implicate me.

I finished up with: Will blonde who failed to contact pilot-officer Wednesday please apply by letter Fawley Cottage Hospital, which seemed to me at the time should do the trick. Then I sent the advertisement to the Fawley Trumpeter.

Well, all that day it was really frightfully hard to look meek when I ran into Iris, but I did. And that night Johnny was kind of peace-pipe, saying what about a flick to-morrow night, and I said that might be fun, looking very good-tempered, in spite of the fact I still seethed a bit underneath.

Next morning was kind of uneventful, but after . . .

I was just dolling some patients up for visitors' hours, when outside the door of my ward there was a hiss.

"Want to see something funny?" the pro. on Ward C asked me.

"How's this thing on warts?"

"Because if you do—watch out. It's coming upstairs."

I stood there and watched. She was tall, and dark, and handsome, and she wore tweeds that must have cost the earth.

"Well," I said, when she had gone, "what's funny, exactly?"

"Ask Iris. It's the Viking's official girl friend."

And brunette. And the Fawley Trumpeter out this morning. And Pinkie. I leaned on the wall to get my breath. Somebody was calling "Nurse," in my ward, but I let them. Just for a moment I'd too much on my mind. Then I saw James, our hall porter, looking like the wrath of heaven as he came stamping upstairs, carrying the Fawley Trumpeter in his hand.

I began to feel sick. But I said, all kind of chatty: "How goes it, James?"

"How goes it?" he said. "It's bedlam—absolute bedlam. I've got to see matron, miss."

So I said: "I wouldn't see matron to-day if I were you, James."

"Then perhaps you'd like to tell me what to do, miss."

I took the paper from him and said I would. There was my ad. at the top, marked with blue pencil. Only the silly fools had left two words out: by letter. So that the ad. said: "Apply Fawley Cottage Hospital." I could have burst into tears, but I didn't have time.

"Is she here, then?" I asked.

"Is she here?" echoed James, with heavy irony.

So I started to tell him how I could explain, and how it was all very simple, but mistaken. As I talked, I got James moving downstairs. I can fix it all up, I said, if you'll give me a chance.

So James said grimly: "In there: I'll give you five minutes."

Taking a deep breath I opened the waiting-room door. It was full—absolutely full of blonde young women. Two had furs. Two had hats with veils. Two carried flowers. And all looked as if they'd like to murder each other.

I stood and stared. "Is any of you called Pinkie?"

They all turned. They saw the Trumpeter in my hand. They looked as if they'd like to tear me apart, bodily.

"Because if you are it's all a mistake, anyway," I announced.

Which was true, but didn't help, as you can imagine.

A blonde with a hat (which had birds on) said to me menacingly: "Do I understand you're responsible for this?"

So I said it was always hard to apportion blame, wasn't it? The hat with the birds on said she didn't think so—no!

The other five closed in a solid phalanx behind her, and one of the veils said was this my idea of a joke, because if it was she considered it not very funny, and no doubt my superiors would like to know. And one with a bunch of flowers said that for her part she insisted on seeing someone who was someone, at once.

What on earth was I going to do now? I glanced round desperately, half-thinking I'd better do a bolt through the door. And then I saw mother looking terrifically dignified, standing there, on the way to one of her committees. She didn't look at me, she looked at the others, and she said good afternoon, all charm and dignity. How kind of them—they must be the volunteers. There was simply stacks of washing-up in the kitchen.

They muttered at that, but they started to fade away.

"Quick!" said mother to me. "Get out of my sight and say nothing. Don't explain. If anyone asks me, I don't want to know."

I bolted upstairs, shut the door after me thankfully in Ward A, and was simply melting sweet to a duodenal patient.

I thought that that was the end. But oh, no, it wasn't. After tea Iris Greenly suddenly walked up to me. She could hardly get the words out, she was so angry. "You're to report for work in Ward B. I don't know what vile machinations you've been up to."

Ward B. But that—that meant the Viking's room!

"I'm taking over here. But don't think for a moment," said Iris, breathing hard, "that this is the end." And she bent down over my duodenal pillow and punched it exactly as if it had been me.

I didn't even wait to snatch the last word from her.

I raced upstairs and along the corridor, past the squalling baby, to the Viking's room. From outside, I heard a buzz of masculine voices—Dr. Elsom and the Viking were alone, and I thought: I'll hear the lowdown now, about Iris. So I stood and looked as if I were coming (or going) and standing there, I heard the Viking say:

"I simply can't take any more Lily Maid of Astolot. And to be frank, my fiancee's a bit mad, with all this cool hand on the hot brow stuff. You know how it is, of course, I'm not complaining. She may be a good nurse—I expect she is. But, frankly, I'd prefer——"

"You'd prefer Tip Rowntree?"

That was Dr. Elsom talking. Then they both laughed. That should have warned me. It didn't.

Iris had got herself found out—and by a male! My face went all lit with unholy gleefulness.

And then I heard the Viking starting to talk again: "She's a bossy little wretch, and interfering. And talk! She never stops talking—but at least she'll take my mind off the pain and the boredom."

That's what he said.

Ministering angel, me.

(Copyright)

WORTH Reporting

QUEEN Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service, thirty-five members of which are now in Australia, is a younger sister of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Service, which derives direct from Florence Nightingale.

In 1854 Florence Nightingale chose forty nurses to take to the Crimea to nurse the sick and wounded.

From that beginning sprang the Army Nursing Service. By 1919 the Service and its Reserve had a membership of 10,404.

The Q.A.R.N.N.S. first appeared on the Navy List in 1902.

The Q.A.R.N.N.S. staff naval hospitals and hospital ships. In peacetime when hospital ships are unnecessary, Q.A.'s train naval men as sick-berth attendants.

* * *

CONVERSATION overheard in a taxi between dashing naval officer and attractive feminine companion:

"My dear, don't you think Marjorie is looking just too horsy these days?" said the lady.

Quick rejoinder on the part of the naval officer: "But a very attractive little horse, my dear."

Spot of trouble

A HOLIDAY-MAKER checked out of his hotel early one morning and started on his way home. When about 40 miles out his car developed engine trouble.

He limped back to the hotel, booked in again and went into the dining-room for dinner.

The drink-waiter, surprised to see him back so soon, inquired what had happened.

The traveller replied, "Oh, nothing serious, just a spot of diaphragm trouble."

"A lot of people complain of it here, sir," replied the waiter. "I think it must be the water."

Scold's bridle

MENTION in this column of the "brank," a medieval muzzle for female scolds, prompted Miss Foreman, of Ryde, N.S.W., to send us an engraving of "The Scold's Bridle," given to her by the verger at Walton Church in Surrey.

The "Scold's Bridle" was presented in 1632 to Walton parish by a person named Chester who, it was said, lost an estate "through the instrumentality of a gossiping, lying woman."

The inscription accompanying the "Scold's Bridle" runs:

"Chester presents Walton with a bridle,
To curb women's tongues that talk too idle."

Not sailors' knots

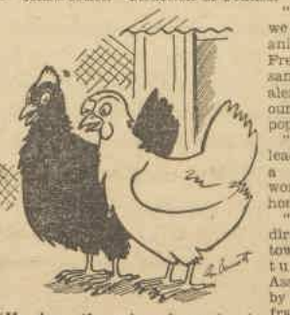
ON his way to Mindoro with an R.A.A.F. airfield construction squadron, an Australian LAC was taken ill, and an American Army doctor aboard the Liberty ship diagnosed acute appendicitis.

An R.A.A.F. public relations officer, dentist, O.C. troops, and chief mate assisted with the operation.

The patient, who was given a spinal anaesthetic, was conscious during the operation, and asked the doctor what sort of knots he was tying in the stitches.

The chief mate answered for him.

"Square knots," he said. "The doc. don't know better. Now if it was me I'd make 'em reef knots with a deep shank thrown in here and there."



"My dear, the price of eggs! I think we'll have a stand-up strike."

R.S.V.P.

I SOMETIMES think that though my life
Is not without its share of strife,
It would be worse, say, if one were
The Income Tax Commissioner,
For everyone would blame one for
All the discomforts due to war;
And Manpower men must feel they are
At times a bit unpopular,
Likewise the chaps who chant "No Smokes"—
Yet happier far are all these blokes
Than he — poor soul — with whom it rests
To choose the Duke's first hundred guests.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Lilies

ONE means of raising quite a lot of money for Red Cross in Adelaide is by sale of Cape Lilies, botanical name, Ornithogalum thyrsoides, from Port Lincoln.

No doubt brought from Cape Colony by ship many years ago, these flowers grew wild until, about three years ago, someone conceived the idea of capitalising on their beauty for patriotic purposes.

They are tall white spikes of smallish bells which dry to a tissue-paper texture.

* * *

GIRL ice-skaters at a Pittsburgh, U.S.A., ice-show were recently forbidden to wear bobbie pins. Fallen ones, lying on the ice, were found to be one of the commonest causes of falls.

Eat it up

GOOD housewives take a pride in producing a jar of marmalade from the pantry shelf and saying "That's two years old—and perfect."

But, alas, science doesn't agree. Recent experiments in U.S. proved that in six months' storage, home-made marmalade loses 97-99 per cent. of its ascorbic acid content, otherwise its important anti-scorbutic qualities.

Moral: Make small quantities of marmalade whenever you can and eat it up quickly.

A pledge to France

AS inspiring as their own Marseillaise was the pledge made by 230 delegates from all parts of France to the National Assembly of Departmental Liberation Committees.

"We swear that we shall mobilise all our forces so as to develop to the utmost the country's production for the war effort, and for the reconstruction of France.

"We swear that we shall be the animators of the French renaissance and the alert defenders of our rights and of popular justice.

"We swear to lead France into a course where work will be honor.

"We swear to direct our steps toward a Constituent National Assembly elected by universal suffrage, when France will have recovered all her sons.

"We swear to mount guard over the will of the people so that the word of the people of France be respected.

"We swear to be the guardians of the honor and greatness of France."

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"The girls of the W.A.A.A.F. have proved their worth to the Air Force. We need thousands more like them . . ." *says Flying Officer N. F. Williams, C.G.M., D.F.M. and Bar*

"It's amazing the number of jobs these girls of the W.A.A.A.F. are doing in the Air Force. Every one of us admires their quick efficiency and we are grateful for the help they are giving. They're a splendid lot of girls, doing a magnificent job well!"

"I love the life—and I'm happy to know I'm serving my country."

Testimony, indeed, from one of our Ace airmen—testimony echoed by every man in the Air Force. The W.A.A.A.F. has won its spurs and deserves every bit of praise so unstintingly given by those fine men who man the 'planes.

"I like the comradeship. I've made friendships that will last a lifetime."

Why don't YOU join this great fighting service? They are waiting for you, and for thousands of girls like you. The Air Force's biggest task lies ahead. We have still to win the great battles of the Pacific—battles that will free us for all time from the menace of a cruel, ruthless enemy.

You can be of help. Surely you can't hesitate to serve when there's so much yet to be done to win the war, and to speed the day that will liberate the thousands of Australians suffering in Japanese prison camps.

Join now—the Air Force needs you!

"I'm proud to be doing an important job. It's a wonderful experience."

SERVE WITH THE AIR FORCE . . . **Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force**

Ask your local R.A.A.F. Recruiting Committee, or at the R.A.A.F. Recruiting Centre in any capital city, for full particulars.

WFI.145.15

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LYNDALL BARBOUR, who is heard as Lady Edwina Heston in "The Rains Came."

Bromfield novel on radio

Louis Bromfield's best-seller, "The Rains Came," has been chosen as the sixth famous book dramatisation in the "Library of the Air" series from station 2GB on Thursdays at 8 p.m.

It will start on January 25.

THE book has been adapted by playwright Maxwell Dunn, who has made each episode occupy 45 minutes.

This will give listeners an opportunity to taste the full flavor of the story, and understand the complicated character development.

Bromfield's story is a gripping and powerful drama of human emotions running riot against a background of terrible natural catastrophes.

It tells of the men and women—some Indians, some Europeans—of the obscure State of Ranchipur, and of their behaviour when faced with flood and pestilence.

Some of the awesome catastrophes that highlight this famous novel are earthquake, flood, fire, epidemics, torrential rains, and torrid heat, and their effect on the handful of humans isolated in this colorful, mythical State is vividly and realistically told.

Producer E. Mason Wood has carefully selected the large cast which will bring to life Bromfield's colorful and fascinating characters.

The four leading characters will be played by Lyndall Barbour as Lady Edwina Heston, sophisticated woman of the world, lady of many loves; John O'Malley as the high-caste Hindu Dr. Safka, possessed of terrific energy, skill, and understanding; Richard Ashley as the cynical world-weary Tom Ransome; and Irene Harpur as Fern Simon, charming young ingenue, whose love regenerates Ransome.

The supporting cast includes Ailsa Grahame as the Maharanee; John Nugent Hayward as the Maharaja; Richard Halliday as Lord Heston; Barrett Fleming as Mr. Bannerjee; Queenie Ashton as Mrs. Simon; with Ethel Lang, Nellie Lamport, Lou Vernon, Jean Robertson, Norman Blackler, Charles McCallum, Bobbie Hunt, Madge Thomas, and Madge Ryan.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 17: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Jan. 18 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, Jan. 19: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, Jan. 20: Goodie Reeve presents M a d i s o n Competition, "Melody Foursomes."
SUNDAY, Jan. 21 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, Jan. 22: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From the Services."
TUESDAY, Jan. 23: "What's On the Menu?"

Fashion PATTERNS

F3469A.—Smart style with contrast trimming. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3486.—Well-cut slacksuit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F3468A.—Lovely floral frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. and 1yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3472A.—Very smart black frock, featuring long torso, pleated skirt front. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3492. — New swimsuit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 557.—DAINTY COCKTAIL APRON.

This unusual little apron has been specially fashioned to slip on over a dinner gown, or one's best frock, to prepare supper or refreshment for guests.

Pattern is traced on a striped material in shades of green on white, mauve on white, and pink on white.

These aprons are limited, so we advise ordering early. The material is a British cotton, bears the well-known brand "Caesar," is very fine, but not fully transparent.

The design shows a small, rounded inset panel, and the full frill is gathered round this, with a small edge overlapping as a trim. The waist tie is in self-material and ties in a bow at the back.

Ready to cut out and make up. Price 7/11 (5 Coupons). Postage extra, 6½d.

No. 558.—CHILD'S FROCK IN SUMMER COTTON

With the pattern traced clearly on a British and well-wearing cotton, patterned in mixed shadings, this dainty little frock is available all ready to cut out and stitch at home.

The design chosen shows a small Peter Pan collar, rounded shoulder-yoke with frilled trimming, short, puffed sleeves, fitted bodice, and fully gathered skirt.

Sizes 2 to 4 years, 8/11 and 6 Coupons; sizes 4 to 8 years, 9/6 and 6 Coupons. Postage 6½d. extra.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page. ★ No C.O.D. orders accepted.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"AGNES."—CHIC FLORAL PYJAMAS

These 'jamas are fashioned in a very dainty lingerie material, rayon crepe-de-chine, in pastel tonings of pink or blue with blue and pink rosebud trimming, also in white with blue and pink rosebud pattern.

Design is simple and yet smart, and shows a turn-back collar, front buttoned, slim waistline belted with self material, and short, well-extended shoulders. Collar and jacket are edged with self frilling to take severeness from an otherwise tailored suit. Trousers are long and roomy, and the back of the waistline is gathered into elastic.

Ready to Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, £2/14/6 (13 Coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, £2/17/6 (13 Coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, 39/11 (13 Coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 44/6 (13 Coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

N.B. — When ordering, please make second choice in color, to avoid disappointment and delay. How to obtain "AGNES": In N.S.W., obtain postal note for required amount, include coupons and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give bust and hip measurements.

You'll probably have to wait a couple of weeks for delivery of "AGNES," as it is not possible to fulfil all orders as promptly as in pre-war days.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN.

Available for one month only from date of issue.

THREE SUNSUITS, Sizes 1 to 6 years.

No. 1.—Material required: 1¼yds., 36in. wide. No. 2.—Material required: 1yd., 36in. wide. No. 3.—Material required, 1¼yds., 36in. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 382A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
TASMANIA: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

.....

STREET .....

SUBURB .....

TOWN ..... STATE .....

SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 20/1/45

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DOROTHY LAMOUR is shown with a week-old Russian brown bear, which was brought to Hollywood by Rose Kress (left) to play a part in Dorothy's new Paramount film, "The Road to Utopia." Also with Dorothy is the director of the film, Hal Walker.

Film Reviews

★ TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

THIS frothy Fox musical is pleasant enough entertainment if you take it in the light-hearted mood it is intended.

The film is actually an adaptation of Phil Baker's popular radio quiz, held together with a slight romance.

When his wife (Marjorie Massow) is going to have a baby, sailor (Edward Ryan) wants the finest doctor. In an attempt to win the money to meet the bills, he enters Baker's radio quiz, and manages to answer not one, but six of the 64-dollar questions.

As the questions asked Eddie deal exclusively with the films, it gives Fox an opportunity to pep up the proceedings by introducing some of their top stars like Betty Grable, Shirley Temple, Sonja Henie, and George Montgomery.

Phil Baker amoothly handles the comedy, and gets fine assistance from Phil Silvers.—Civic; showing.

SECRETS OF SCOTLAND YARD

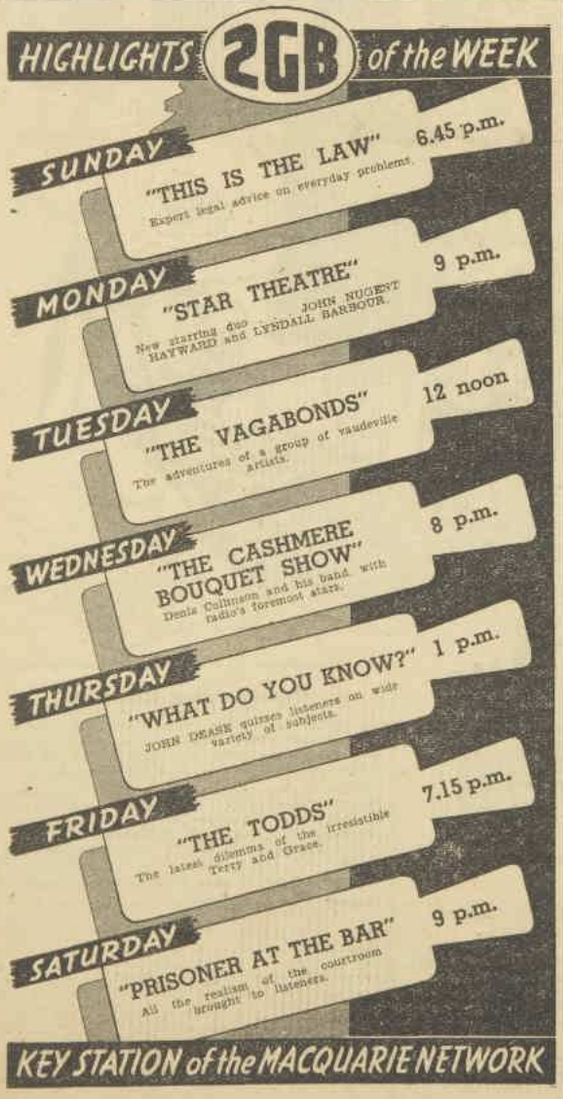
THIS muddled little Republic offering is poorly handled and poorly presented.

The story revolves round twin brothers—one a German spy, the other one of Scotland Yard's ace detectives.

When the Nazi sympathiser is murdered, his brother takes his place, and Hollywood's ever-gullible Germans are tricked again.

Edgar Barrier plays the dual role, and apart from his gallant work for Scotland Yard, he romances with Stephanie Bachelor.

C. Aubrey Smith and Lionel Atwill do as well as possible in very stereotyped roles.—Capitol; showing.



Van Johnson is unspoiled by screen successes

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

The latest screen idol of American debutantes is red-headed Van Johnson — but Van is terrified over his sensational new popularity, and ducks his flaming top-knot at the sight of any group of three or more girls, and flees ignominiously.

ONE feature which probably accounts for his amazing popularity is that Van is unmarried.

Though able to pick from a bevy of beauties, Van's slow, Swedish temperament and natural caution prevent him from whirlwind entanglements.

Van admits he would like to marry when he finds the right girl, but as yet has no serious intentions. Perhaps his closest friend is Judy Garland, who he escorts on his infrequent nights out.

The day after Van returned from his holiday in Mexico, I went to interview him at his home.

"It's a good thing for you that you don't sing," I said, thinking of Sinatra, "otherwise you would be torn limb from limb."

Van paled visibly under his freckles. "But I do," he moaned.

"To-day I do a sequence for 'Week-end at the Waldorf,' in which I sing to Lana Turner."

Van, who suffered severe head injuries in a car accident last year, is exempt from the Army.

"Had a marvellous time in Mexico," beamed Van, with child-like candor. "I took MGM police chief, Whitey Hendry, along for company, and Whitey promised to initiate me into the mysteries of deep-sea fishing. Well, I caught two fish weighing almost two hundred pounds, but the best Whitey could do was a twenty-pounder. Boy, was he mad!"

On his holiday, Van bought a Mexican cowboy suit as a gift for his father.

Mr. Johnson, senior, is the conservative type, and still runs a small store in Minnesota with Van's photo on the counter for neighbors to admire.

AT AN ARMY BARRACKS where authentic scenes for MGM's "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" were taken, Van Johnson takes time off to catch up on his reading.

Although he is one of America's top idols to-day, with carloads of fan mail arriving every week, Van is essentially unchanged and unspoilt since he commenced his meteoric career in the "Dr. Kildare" series.

Back Home

Continued from page 4

AFTER dinner, while his mother was clearing the table, he made himself say it: "I guess I'll call Joan."

"Yes. You'll be here such a little time."

He came back in a little while and started wiping the dishes. They worked without talking. They must bridge this interval before they spoke of Joan, but his hands shook, and a cup slipped from them and broke. When he stood up, holding the pieces, his face was white. Their eyes met, and she asked, "Aren't you going to see Joan?"

"Yes," he said. "I'm meeting her at four."

"Didn't she ask you to come round?"

"I'm meeting her," he said defensively.

His mother went back to the dishes, and when she spoke again her voice was firm and cheerful.

"The Willetts used to be farmers eighteen, twenty years back. They made money in tobacco and picked up and moved into town. I remember your father saying Mr. Willett was shrewd in business, but they certainly were countrified at first. Mrs. Willett used to hang the milk bucket on the front gate . . ."

"Please!" He flung out the back door and lit a cigarette. Then he came in and stood behind her and said, "I'm sorry."

She turned and wiped her hands on her apron and put them on his arms. "After your father died there were times when it wasn't easy, with you a baby. But I made out all right, and I always held my head up. Son," she said, and the tears came in her eyes, "just don't forget who you are; that's all I say. Nobody's better than you are."

It was like Joan to come the way he wasn't looking. He was on Church Corner. She drove up behind him and blew the horn, and he jumped. When he turned she was laughing at him, and the joy of seeing her was not joy, but what it had always been.

"Get in," she said. "Let's go."

He got in, and everything was the same. The car sprang forward. He sat back, looking at her. "I can't quite believe it's you."

She smiled, and the light that he was afraid of was in her eyes, the tiny, incandescent flare of her own power. "Love me?" And because he couldn't answer, she went on smiling.

She drove fast, past the miserable scattering of houses that clung to the edge of town. A dog and a boy were going along the path, the dog in front, eager and jaunty. The child had on nothing but overalls, his ribs showing under the straps. Dick saw them without knowing that he did.

Then the dog stopped and the boy stopped. They looked across the road to where something rustled the grass, a rabbit, or maybe nothing, except what forever rustles the minds of boys and dogs. With common understanding, they started for it. Joan blew her horn twice, hard. The shock of it parted them, and one jumped forward and the other back. There was a soft, yielding thump against the car.

Dick was out before Joan stopped. Kneeling in the road, his hands on the boy's shoulders, a feeling came in his throat that sickened him, a feeling he couldn't control that was like hate. But it wasn't her fault! he kept saying to himself.

Then he heard her say, "Oh, it was just the dog."

Bending over the dog, Dick shut his eyes for a moment, as if that would shut away what she had said.

Dick picked up the body of the little dog, then set it quietly down again. The boy looked at it and his ribs went up and down, but he didn't make a sound. Dick asked gently: "You're one of the Feathers boys, aren't you?" and he nodded. There were a thousand Feathers and not a penny among them.

"You know them?" Joan came towards them, holding a ten-dollar bill out to the child.

HIS hair hung over his head like a ragged cap and he was very dirty, but Dick saw how straight his back was, a thin, bare little back and curiously unshakable. The boy did not look at Joan. He only looked at the crisp, green bill, until her hand dropped.

She walked back to the car. Before Dick followed, he laid his hand for a moment on the boy's shoulder. He felt the sob, but there wasn't a tear, not a sound.

As they drove on, Joan said: "You can't help those people. They're all alike."

"Let's not talk about it," said Dick, and it made him remember what the captain had said: "Don't talk about it. Go home and kiss your girl . . ." He had lived eight months with no other need than that.

Now they were on the gravel road winding up into the knobs. Joan stopped the car. She turned to him, drawing down his head to hers. And he shut his eyes. This was what I wanted, he thought. This! This is it . . . But, under his closed lids, the little dog gallantly trotted along. Dick sat up suddenly and drew away.

Joan watched him, narrowing her eyes. "I haven't married Lee-Channing yet, you knew."

In the hot, absolute stillness their eyes met. It was a naked moment, come upon unsuspected by them both. For they looked, not so much at each other as at what had happened, what had changed so swiftly. Then something rustled ahead of them, snapping the tension. They leaned to look.

A snake was taking its way across the road; a big, black fellow going about his business. But what Joan had seen a moment back flared up against the snake.

"Kill it!" Her face was white and the cold little flame of power was in her eyes. And a wild thought flashed across his mind at that moment; that there was a little man in Europe gone crazy over power and when anything crossed his path he shouted, "Kill!"

"No," he said quietly. "It belongs here, and we don't."

He opened the door and got out. Joan smiled. "So you are afraid. And you were going to fight a war for me." She laughed, and it wasn't a nice sound in the clear, cedary heat.

He looked straight into her eyes. It had happened so quickly, as if someone had ripped a curtain from his mind. "No," he said, "I'm not fighting a war for you, Joan."

He wanted to go on talking, because it was all there, new and wonderful, welling up in his throat; I'm fighting the war for my mother; and for old Clem Yarrow, and the Feathers kid and the Feathers kid's little dead dog; for the ones like that, Joan, who'll inherit the earth when we've made it fit to inherit . . . He noticed how small she looked, and how unimportant, and he knew there was no good saying those things to her. So he stepped back and said, "I guess you can turn here. I'd rather walk . . ."

That evening he sat by his mother in the porch and looked down Polk Street, with dusk just coming and the men home puttering in their yards and their cars at the kerb till morning. He stretched out his legs and stuck his hands in his pockets.

As he leaned back he saw the service flag pinned neatly to the curtain, and it drew together all the tangled threads of that day. In sudden happiness, he flung his arm round his mother's shoulders.

"The captain was right," he said. "How's that, son?"

She smoothed the light, soft hair to one side the way mothers always do, and for the ache and awkwardness of this love he need not be ashamed. Half laughing, tenderly, he pulled her to him.

"He told me to come home and kiss my girl."

(Copyright)

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• MARJORIE HOSHELLE, trained for the screen at Warner Bros.' talent school, has a featured role in "Make Your Own Bed," with Jack Carson.

• PHYLLIS THAXTER, vivacious young Broadway star, makes her screen debut in MGM's war drama, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokio."

• LAUREN BACALL, sensational 20-year-old film discovery, was formerly a fashion model, and makes her first appearance co-starring with Humphrey Bogart in "To Have and Have Not." For a year producer Howard Hawks has groomed her for stardom.

• ANGELA LANSBURY, talented English actress, has been hailed as one of MGM's most promising newcomers. You will see her as the Cockney maid in "Gaslight." Angela has been chosen for the coveted feminine lead in "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

Movie World

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727790

Beauty

POST-WAR

Remember the miracle beauty cream—Skin Deep—that made your skin so sweet and seventeen-ish? Remember how you could pile it on at bedtime without leaving your face all-greased-up? Well, that same Skin Deep will be back again, after the war. Its absence from the stores is temporary only. As soon as the same ingredients are available you'll be able to go right back to Skin Deep, the only cream of its kind.

Skin Deep

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A.16.32

Piracy and Romance . . .

1 **TIRED** of her dissipated husband, Sir Harry, Dona flees to Cornwall with her children. She is puzzled by mysterious servant, William (Cecil Kellaway).

2 **NEIGHBORS** warn Dona of pirate, Aubery (Arturo de Cordova), but when she is kidnapped and taken to his ship, she finds him attractive.

3 **DONA** invites Aubery to a midnight supper, happily arranged by the pirate's former servant, the faithful William.

4 **GODOLPHIN** (Nigel Bruce) and Rockingham (Basil Rathbone) conspire in plan to trap the pirate.

5 **DONA'S** husband (Ralph Forbes) arrives to join in the hunt, but with Dona's help pirates forestall plan.

6 **REALISING** Dona loves the pirate, and in love with her himself, Rockingham tries to murder her, but Dona fights desperately, and flinging a shield at him, kills him. Sir Harry realises the beast his former friend was.

7 **THROUGH** trickery, Dona assists pirate to escape, but she returns to her husband and children.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Frenchman's Creek

PARAMOUNT have made an interesting new romantic team of Joan Fontaine and Mexican actor Arturo de Cordova for the central figures in the screen version of Daphne du Maurier's best-selling novel, "Frenchman's Creek."

Miss Fontaine is seen as the imperious English aristocrat, and darling of the Court of Charles II, and Cordova plays the dashing pirate who captures her heart.

Director - producer is Mitchell Leisen, and the film is photographed in technicolor.

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THE MUSIC TOLD HER...

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Summer story . . . in spots

● A softly bloused and very feminine jacket in pink silk with a drift of white spots is deftly trimmed with plain bands of the pink to match the slender skirt.

● Bright blue cotton spotted with white for a backless sun frock that goes formal with the addition of a trim bolero. Broad, scalloped bands of white bring cool charm.

● This cheery, simple frock with front fullness and pretty, fluted neckline is interpreted in red with white spots. A narrow, white leather belt accents the waist.

● A white shirtwaist blouse and plain, tailored green skirt achieve new glamor with a turn-back collar and wide hip and sash drape of green spotted in white.

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LOOK AT YOUR SHOES —other people do!

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CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES

CINERARIAS grow luxuriantly under the tall trees and palms, which afford them protection from frost and adverse winds, in "The Dell," at the Lady Gowrie Red Cross Hostel, Gordon, N.S.W. Matron V. A. Horswill admiring the colorful mass of blooms.

CINERARIAS — for garden massing and potted beauty

ALTHOUGH we treat it as a hardy annual, the cineraria is by rights a short-stemmed woolly perennial.

It has large velvety leaves, but these are always obscured later in the season by the huge heads of daisy-like flowers in shades and combinations of purple, red, blue, pink, and white.

While cinerarias can be carried over, fresh stock is usually grown each year from seed sown in December, January, February, and March. The soil should be a fine sandy loam containing about one-third leaf mould. When seedlings are large enough to handle they should either be potted up and kept moist and cool, or transplanted to the shady border.

They do particularly well when planted under lofty trees, or on the shady side of large shrubs, but should not be expected to compete with trees or shrubs for nutrients and moisture. Liquid manure is beneficial after the buds appear.

Leaf-miner grubs and aphids are the two worst pests of this rather succulent plant. Both, however, can be controlled by regularly spraying with nicotine sulphate to which is added a very little soapy water as a sticker.

Spraying against the leaf miner, a tiny, black, fly-like creature, is necessary every week, or the leaves may become riddled by the tiny grubs, which burrow into and soon ruin the tissue and appearance of the foliage.

In normal times many varieties of cinerarias are available, but today only the grandiflora and stellata types are on offer. The size of the blooms, however, can be greatly increased by reducing the number of buds in each cluster and by regular liquid manuring.

Cinerarias are frost-tender and need protection during late May, June, July, and August. When potted up they make ideal plants for indoor decoration.—Our Home Gardener.

IF care is taken of enamel saucepans, they'll give years of service. Never allow them to burn, or they'll very soon crack and chip.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

DON'T seal jams when lukewarm —more liable to mildew. Seal when hot or cold.

★ ★ ★

WHEN dye has run from a coat-lining on to underarm of silk blouse or dress, soak part in cold water and gently rub on bi-carb. soda. Leave 1 hour, then rinse in cold water.

★ ★ ★

HOW clever! Before my neighbor went for a holiday she put a coating of metal polish on her brass. On her return, she simply rubbed it over and the brass gleamed beautifully.

★ ★ ★

TRY it! A set of castors fixed on to a small kitchen table saves many a step. It can be wheeled to any part of the kitchen.

BEAUTY HINTS

WASH your face well . . . Lather your hands like Anne Gwynne (Universal), and massage the skin. Rinse well and dry gently.

DON'T curl up in bed. Curving the spine prevents your body from relaxing. No good for your looks.

★ ★ ★

CLEVER camouflage . . . Use darker powder on your nose, if large. And wear a hat with brim.

★ ★ ★

HOW do you carry your head? Do you spend the whole of your life looking for lost parcels, or do you carry your head held high and gracefully poised? Bad head carriage will spoil the most beautiful profile.

When I heard that LISTERINE Tooth Paste lasts twice as long, and removed stain, film and dinginess at the first brushing I doubted, but I'm fair, and I tried it. The results certainly sold me. My teeth look and *feel* clean, and they're whiter than ever before!

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A SUDDEN hot spell saps vitality and lowers resistance for most people. You find you cannot adapt yourself to the change immediately—you want something to help you—'ASPRO' TABLETS GIVE THE HELP YOU NEED. When you can't sleep—take 'ASPRO'—and you WILL drop peacefully off to sleep. If the heat's getting you depressed, giving you headaches or upsetting your nerves, take 'ASPRO' Tablets to obtain swift, wonderful relief. A sensation of calm and comfort comes to you in a few minutes. The head stops throbbing, the nerves are soothed, and sleeplessness disappears. 'ASPRO' will definitely BANISH SUNGLARE HEADACHES IN A FEW MINUTES, while soreness caused through dust in the throat will disappear, too, if you gargle with 'ASPRO' according to direction. Buy a Pocket to-day!

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dissolves hair safely . . . leaves no bristly stubble

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NV3-4a

SWIMMERS . . .

and their ears

By MEDICO

"LAST summer, when I was at the seaside, I had a lot of trouble with my ears and nose. How can I avoid such troubles this year?" asked Jill Stevens.

The real problem (as I explained to Jill) is that most animals which live in water have some mechanism which automatically closes the nose and ears when they enter the water. Man has no such mechanism, and he has to learn some special tricks to prevent nose and ear troubles.

All good swimming coaches teach their pupils to breathe out slowly through the nose when the head is under water, and to breathe in through the mouth when the head is out of the water. This trick is not easy to learn, and bad habits tend to return.

Diving, and especially high diving, causes the sudden pressure of water to enter the nose when the head strikes the water. The shock of entering the water makes it difficult to breathe out steadily through the nose at the right time to prevent water entering. Surfing, with its sudden, unexpected immersions, also tends to result in a "noseful."

The delicate lining of the accessory air passages in the head, such as the antrums, cannot cope with the salt water, laden as it is with bacteria and foreign material, such as sand and fragments of seaweed.

The nose should always be held when jumping into the water feet first.

Water in the ears is not such a problem, because the membrane protects the inner ear passages from the water. But if you had a perforated drum, this protection would not exist. In that case, a plug of cotton-wool washed with petroleum jelly or cold cream should be placed in the ear.

With tinea widespread in Australia to-day an ear that retains water will provide the conditions for a "tank ear," or tinea infection of the ear canal.

"My friend last year went suddenly deaf after swimming," said Jill. "What would cause that?"

"Quite simple," I said. "The wax in the ears swells up when it is wet. It's a good idea to have the ears examined for wax, and have it removed by a syringe before going to the seaside. A doctor has special instruments which do this easily and gently."

"Is it dangerous to use a hair-pin?" asked Jill.

"It certainly is. Nothing smaller than the little finger should be introduced into the ear canal. Not only is there a danger of perforating the ear-drum, but a scratch of the skin lining the canal can cause a particularly painful infection.

"The only first-aid treatment that is safe is a few drops of hydrogen peroxide in the ear canal, provided there is no perforation. The bubbles of oxygen make a loud noise, but they may loosen sand and wax."

(All names fictitious.)

THIS swimming fan has learned to breathe out slowly through the nose when her head is under water, and breathe in through the mouth when her head is above water. In this way she avoids any nose and ear trouble.

How to
S-T-R-E-T-C-H
Your meat ration

—by Elizabeth Cooke

No. 19.

A quick lunch calls for a vegetable plate

A salad without cheese is like a church without a steeple. Maybe this vegetable plate couldn't strictly be called a salad, but it has cheese and all the makings—cooked for a change—so we should worry! Incidentally, it's a good way of roping in those surplus vegetables going begging from last night's dinner—when one of the family had a last-minute change of plans.

Vegetable Cheese Plate

1 cup cold cooked peas; 1 cup cold diced carrots; ¼lb. Kraft Cheese diced; salad dressing; lettuce; mint.

Mix the peas, carrots and cheese together and arrange on lettuce leaves for individual serves. Now run a ribbon of salad dressing over them and garnish with a little finely chopped mint.

All cooked vegetables for salads should not be dressed until quite cold and well drained.

Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever. SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

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Your Baby: *Summer safety rules*

By SISTER MARY JACOB

DURING the summer, and especially toward the end of the summer after spells of prolonged heat, it is a well-known fact that bodily resistance becomes lowered. It is then that a baby is more likely to fall a victim to an invasion of disease germs that cause the dread gastro-enteritis (summer diarrhea).

Certain precautions, however, which every mother should observe, will minimise the amount of risk for her baby.

A leaflet giving some of the rules to observe during the summer months has been prepared, and will be forwarded to you if a request, with a stamped addressed envelope, is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, Bridge Street, Sydney.

APPEALING picture of a happy mother with her toddler.

Asthma Curbed in 3 Minutes

Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician sufferers can get relief from Asthma. Mendaco does away with expensive injections and offensive smokes. All you do is to take 2 tasteless tablets with meals and Mendaco starts circulating through the blood in 10 minutes. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs, and vigour returns.

Sleep Like a Baby

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vigour returned, and they felt healthier and stronger, and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) It removes the mucus or phlegm; (2) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs; (3) It promotes body vigour, and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood.

No Asthma for Five Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J.R. writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost 40 lbs. in weight, suffered coughing every night—couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped spasms first night, and I have had no Asthma since in over 3 years." Mrs. A.W. writes: "I had Asthma for 25 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. G.E.C. writes: "I bless the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a godsend it is to a poor woman like me who for 25 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

Benefits Immediate

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the package and the purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel.

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Rubbing and scrubbing wears clothes out in no time. That's why you need Velvet. Its extra-soapy suds wash away deep-seated grime with very little help from you. Fabrics stay firm and strong. Decide now to try Velvet Soap next wash-day. See how fresh and bright it makes your clothes! See how Velvet saves constant replacements!

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FOUR O'CLOCK, a romantic hour if it's tea for two . . . here the setting includes miniature patty cakes tipped with minted frosting, tiny custard cassolettes, chocolate and lemon whirls, dainty sandwiches and savory eggs.

Tea for two

● Afternoon break at four, whether for tea-party at home or rest-pause at work, is a pleasant custom. Here are recipes to encourage it . . . patty cakes and biscuits, dainty pastries and savory snippets.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

THIS tea-table custom is an English heritage. It's no relation to the Russian samovar that simmers through long talkative nights.

Silver tea-service or brown teapot, it's a way of living that is gentle, homely, regulated, and very, very pleasant.

Have you been entertained at four o'clock by housewives who came from the English Midlands, or north of the Tweed . . . great sweet pastries, rich fruit cakes, and little feather-light griddle cakes, melting with butter? Or tea in the farmhouse with gem scones and whips of cream and mile-high sponges? Or a real Devon tea in Devon itself, or in Somerset?

Or tea for two in your own drawing-room, very proper, very much the gracious hostess?

Anyhow, quite apart from gastronomical delights or romance, this tea break is dietetically sound. Scientists and industrial psychologists have proved it so.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE WITH PEPPERMINT FROSTING

Three eggs, ¾ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons boiling milk, 1 dessertspoon honey, 3 teaspoons cocoa.

Separate egg-whites and yolks. Beat egg-whites until stiff and gradually whisk in the sugar. When smooth and creamy whisk in the egg-yolks. Fold the flour in lightly. Lastly, fold in quickly and lightly (do not stir) the boiling milk in which the butter has been melted and the honey and cocoa dissolved. Pour into 2 greased 7in. sandwich tins and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes.

For Frosting: Whisk 1 egg-white with ¾ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons water, and 1 teaspoon lemon juice over boiling water until the mixture is thick and will hold its shape. Add about 3 drops peppermint essence. Spread between sponge, or use a mock cream for filling, sandwich together and quickly spread remainder over top and sides of sponge. Do not cook this frosting too long or it will become hard and crumbly. Beat until just spreading consistency.

PATTY CAPERS
(With variations)

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, few drops vanilla or ¼ teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons milk.

Cream fat, sugar, and flavoring. Add broken egg and beat well. Add sifted flour and milk, mixing lightly to a soft, smooth batter. Cook in small, greased patty-tins in a moderate oven (375deg. F) for 15 to 20 minutes according to size of patties.

Varied Fillings: Scoop patties, reserving crumbs for dinner sweet. Fill with any one of the following: Shredded pineapple, lemon cheese, mock cream, jam, chopped jelly, or sugar-glazed berries.

Varied Toppings: Soft icings with flavoring such as vanilla or peppermint essence, orange, or lemon rind; melted marshmallows, boiled frostings (as in chocolate sponge recipe on this page); brushing of honey or jam with a sprinkling of nuts; or make small cut into top of patty and insert slice of fruit such as thin wedge of pineapple or peach slice.

PINEAPPLE BAR CAKE

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 4oz. self-raising flour, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ cup milk, 1 cup shredded, drained pineapple.

Cream fat and sugar and beat in the eggs. Lightly stir in sifted flour and cinnamon and the milk. Place half the mixture in a greased bar-tin. Cover with pineapple and top with remaining cake mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 30 minutes. A soft icing flavored with vanilla and cinnamon may be used.

SWEDISH SANDWICHES

These are little open sandwiches with base of rye bread, wholemeal bread, soy bread, or nut bread. Toppings should be piquant to taste and attractive to the eye. Fish, fresh or salted, is the most favored. These toppings are interesting:—

Chopped prawns, finely shredded lettuce and mayonnaise.

Curried egg, piled rather than spread, and sprinkled with chopped mint.

Smoked cod, flaked and bound with a white sauce well seasoned with lemon juice.

MOCK CREAM

Half pint milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons boiling water, three drops vanilla essence.

Warm the milk with the sugar and butter. Dissolve the gelatine in the boiling water. Cool the milk and stir in the gelatine. Add the vanilla. When beginning to set whisk until creamy and foamy.

CHOCOLATE AND LEMON WHIRLS

Four ounces good beef dripping, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4oz. sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 8oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 dessertspoon cocoa.

Cream dripping, lemon juice, rind and sugar well. Beat in the egg-yolks and divide mixture in two. Add half sifted flour and baking powder to one part, and remainder of flour and baking powder sifted again with the cocoa to remaining part. Knead both mixtures lightly and roll to thin sheets. Trim edges and brush one sheet with milk. Place second sheet on top, press lightly and roll as for swiss roll. Cut across in 1in. sections. Bake in moderate oven (325deg. F.) until crisp, about 10 minutes.

ICED MATCHES

Eight ounces flaky or rough puff pastry, ¼ cup jam, about 2 tablespoons vanilla icing, chopped nuts if available.

Roll pastry to a thin sheet, about 1in. thick, and cut into strips about 3in. long and 1in. wide. Cook in hot oven (450deg. F.) until crisp and brown, about 7 minutes. When cold split in halves and spread with jam. Sandwich together and ice top with vanilla icing and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

TEA CASSOLETTES

Four ounces good beef dripping, 8oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, dessertspoon lemon, about 4 tablespoons water. For fillings see recipes below.

Rub fat into sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Mix to a dry dough with water and lemon juice.

Roll to a thin sheet and cut into rounds to fit smallest size patty-tins available. Press well into tins, prick bottoms with fork, glaze with milk or sugar syrup and bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) until crisp and lightly browned, about 10 minutes. Serve hot or cold according to nature of filling.

For sweet pastries fill with chiffon mixture, custards, chopped jellies, fruit purees topped with nut crumbs or ice-cream. For savory tea fillings try scrambled corn, fish mayonnaise, cream cheese and celery, diced brains and chopped nuts in a cream sauce. The following fillings are simple and luscious:—

CHOCOLATE MINT FILLING

One teaspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 tablespoon honey, 3oz. dark chocolate, 1 egg, 2 or 3 drops peppermint essence.

Dissolve the gelatine in the boiling water. Add the honey and grated chocolate and heat over boiling water until the chocolate is melted. Beat in the egg-yolk. Cool and then whisk in the egg-white and whisk until the mixture is thick and creamy. Add flavoring. Use as filling for tiny patty-cases. May be topped with nuts or chopped marshmallow.

LEMON FILLING

Juice of 1 lemon, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup water, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons cornflour.

Beat egg well and blend in other ingredients. Cook over boiling water until the mixture thickens.

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SKIN DISEASES
Originate in the Bloodstream

VAXOS No.3 ORAL VACCINE
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Dermatitis, Eczema, Acne, Boils, Carbuncles

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I never lose time from work now. Those Backaches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills and I can work all day without getting tired.

Ford Pills are wonderful for Constipation, Headaches, Backaches, Indigestion and Stomach troubles. They contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit—to keep you well in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day. Get genuine Ford Pills in the unbreakable tubes that (for your protection) are now sealed with a Red Seal. You can get large size tubes only just now for 2/6 everywhere.

Look for the Red Seal encircling every tube.

FORD PILLS

DELICIOUS SUMMER SWEET . . . iced chocolate crumb custard . . . 1 tablespoon cocoa blended with 1 pint milk and baked with 2 eggs, ½ cup crumbs, 1 tablespoon sugar, and then chilled.

ICE-BOX COOKERY . . . here Lynne Carver, MGM player, creates a sherbet betty, freezing in the ice-tray a luscious concoction of 2 cups fruit pulp, 2 beaten eggs, 1 cup biscuit crumbs, sugar and spice to taste.

PRIZE RECIPES
. . . you'll want to try

● Most men love sweets . . . Here is a delicious, easy one—little hot banana rolls, first prize in this week's recipe contest, excellent choice for a summer menu.

SECOND prize is awarded to hot savory rolls; serve them with hot greens, or follow with a salad and a light, cold sweet.

Use every plum available for jams, sauces, and chutneys. Combine them with melons and marrows. This week's prize is an excellent filling for tarts or topping for cold sweets.

BANANA FLUFFY PUFFS

Small bananas, lemon juice, apricot jam, castor sugar, shortcrust or flaky pastry, egg-white.

Split bananas lengthwise, squeeze lemon juice inside, and spread with apricot jam; place pieces of banana together, and roll in castor sugar. Roll pastry ¼-inch thick, cut in oblongs sufficiently large to take the bananas. Place each banana on a piece of pastry, crush edges of pastry with egg-white, fold over, and press edges together. Brush with egg-white, sprinkle with castor sugar, and bake in a hot oven 15 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Miss G. Anderson, 62 Cook Rd., Centennial Park, N.S.W.

SAVORY ROLLS

Three cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 6 level tablespoons shortening, 1 cup milk, 2 cups chopped cold meat (seasoned to taste), 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon finely minced onion.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, mix to a dough with milk. Turn on to a floured board and roll out into an oblong quarter-inch thick. Spread with meat mixture, roll up and cut into two-inch slivers. Place cut side down on a greased slide and bake ½ an hour in a hot oven. Serve hot with tomato sauce and green vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss C. R. Walker, care Mrs. Watson, 27 First Ave., Eastwood, N.S.W.

PLUM CHEESE

One pound plum pulp, ¾lb. sugar.

Press the pulp through a fine wire strainer with the back of a wooden spoon. Bring pulp to simmering point, stir in sugar. Cook until it "jells" when tested. Bottle while hot, seal when cold. This sets more firmly than the usual jam, and is delicious with milk puddings.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Hope, 16A Ness Ave., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

RUSSIAN SHORTBREADS

Three tablespoons shortening, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, 2 or 3 tablespoons mixed peel, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts, 1 egg, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, 2 breakfast cups plain flour.

Melt shortening, stir in sugar and beaten egg. Add sifted flour, salt, and nutmeg, then finely minced peel and chopped nuts. Turn on to a floured board, knead slightly. Press out to ¾-inch thickness. Cut into fingers, brush with egg-white, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes, or until crisp and lightly browned.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Crossky, care Marleston Post Office, Adelaide.

New Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
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2/- a jar **ARRID**

Handy in Home & Garden

HARBUTT'S **'Plasticine'**

The ever-plastic material with a 101 domestic uses

TEA FOR TWO
Continued from page 30

HONEY TEA SCONES

Half-pound self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon honey, about ¾ cup milk.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in butter or substitute. Beat egg and add honey and milk, whisking well. Add liquid to flour mixture, stirring quickly and lightly to a soft dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to about ¼in. thickness and cut into small rounds or squares. Brush with milk and bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for about 10 minutes. Serve freshly made.

BANANA TEA BREAD

Two cups flour (white or wholemeal), 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon spice, 3oz. dripping, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 or 3 mashed bananas, 2 eggs, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and spice. Cream dripping, sugar, lemon juice, and lemon rind. Beat in mashed bananas and then beaten eggs. Add sifted flour and just enough milk to make to a smooth drop consistency. Bake in two nut-loaf tins in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 50 minutes. Serve sliced with butter or cream cheese or as base for Swedish sandwiches or sandwich with any sweet filling.

CHINESE CHEWS

One and a half cups plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup chopped, dried fruits (raisins, sultanas, figs, and suchlike), ½ cup chopped nuts (may be omitted), 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, few drops vanilla essence, 4oz. shortening (butter, margarine, or good beef dripping).

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, and add sugar, fruit and nuts. Beat eggs, milk, vanilla, and add to dry ingredients. Lastly add melted fat. Spread in greased swiss-roll tin and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) about 40 minutes or until brown and fairly firm. While hot cut into inch squares and cool in the tin.

A NAME TO REMEMBER WHEN YOU BUY A FOUNDATION—
whether now or later

Lady Ruth

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Bathe with this fine white soap regularly. Notice the amazing difference in your skin!

"I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

"It's a real beauty soap," adds this lovely star. "The lather's so creamy, it's like a caress on the skin. You'll find this Hollywood beauty care will work miracles for you. Use Lux Toilet Soap in your daily bath as well—see how fresh and smooth it makes your skin!"

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CHILDREN'S TEETH *DO* TELL TALES ON PARENTS! This girl, for example, had a protruding lower jaw, teeth with incorrect bite. She was developing an undershot profile, becoming shy and self-conscious about her looks. Because her parents consulted a dentist *early*, it was fairly easy, with modern dental treatments to correct her trouble, bring her teeth and jaw back into normal position and *improve* her looks.
Yes, it's the truth — a child's teeth *do* show the parents' care. Watch your child's teeth particularly when he is growing, when features are forming. Serious later trouble can be avoided by taking a child to the dentist *early* and regularly. And start your child early in the habit of careful daily brushing.

it's the truth!

IT'S THE TRUTH! SMILES *DO* SHOW ON REPORT CARDS. Protruding teeth made this boy think he was "funny-looking" . . . made him self-conscious and backward in school. But, when modern dentistry corrected his teeth, his looks and his whole mental attitude were changed. To-day, dentistry can do wonders in correcting crooked, misplaced, and unsightly teeth. Chipped or broken teeth, too, can be recapped like the movie stars'. So watch children's teeth carefully. Visit the dentist regularly. It's the truth . . . a child's personality and future may depend on how well teeth are formed, how bright and clean they look!

PEPSODENT MAKES TEETH FAR BRIGHTER

PEPSODENT'S unexcelled cleaning and polishing ingredients quickly and positively impart a gleaming sparkle to teeth – regular use maintains this new brilliance.

PEPSODENT searches the crevices between teeth, vigorously cleaning away food particles – a common cause of bad breath and incipient tooth decay.

PEPSODENT rapidly, safely, gently *removes film*, which can otherwise so quickly destroy the natural lustre of good teeth.

There's a new thrill in store when you start using PEPSODENT for it *really cleans teeth*. Your bathroom mirror and the extra cheery brightness of your smile will prove it to you. Try it!

Beware of unsightly film on your teeth.
You can feel it — others can see it.
Film collects stains, makes teeth look dull — hides the true brightness of your smile. Test your teeth with the tip of your tongue now — can you feel film? Get rid of it with PEPSODENT!

Film clings, is hard to remove. This film-coated mirror shows that soap, used in many dentifrices, can't be counted upon to remove film deposits from teeth. Even fine soap leaves a film of its own — just as it has here — to mar the beauty and natural brightness of your teeth.

But look what IRIUM, the PEPSODENT cleansing agent can do. The same mirror, but IRIUM has loosened, removed the film, floated it away, leaving the surface clean and bright. That's how thoroughly PEPSODENT, with IRIUM, removes film from teeth — safely, gently, positively.

For the safety of your Smile — use PEPSODENT twice a day — see your Dentist at least twice a year.

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